

Vietnam: Ky plea to Nixon

VIETNAM'S Vice-President, Nguyen Cao Ky, has sent his chief adviser, Dang Due Khol, to Washington to get President Nixon to stop the Vietnamese presidential election from being held on October 3, according to informed sources in Saigon.

Khol's trip to Washington was being kept secret because it was feared that Vietnam's President Nguyen Van Thieu, might try to stop it.

Officially Thieu and Ky are presidential "candidates"—but Ky says he will not campaign. Derek Wilson writes: "The situation is baffling the Americans. If Thieu 'wins' the election in October, supporting a virtual dictator would be admitting failure to graft democracy on to Vietnamese feudalism and imply the emptiness of a course for which 45,000 Americans have died."

Thieu has called for more war to end the war and Ky says he will "side with the people" if Thieu seizes power in October. So far the all-powerful South Vietnamese Army has support Thieu, fearing that a change in the status quo would mean catastrophe. But some generals and colonels are unhappy with their situation—and hundreds of unwarlike officers are appalled at Thieu's war cry.

Gospel stamps

A series of four air mail stamps depicting the gospel writers will be issued by the Vatican City next month. It was announced yesterday.—UPI.

Belfast explosion: mystery of the 90-second warning

DOUBTS are growing in Belfast about the police statement that the bombers of the Northern Ireland Electricity Board headquarters gave only 90 seconds warning of the blast. One young man was killed and 35 others—mainly girls and women—were injured when the bomb exploded last Wednesday.

It now appears that a telephone operator at the offices received a warning more than six minutes before the bomb exploded in a locker near the stairs.

Whatever the length of the warning, however, there was not enough time to avoid casualties for the Provisional IRA, who admitted responsibility, fatally miscalculated the time required to evacuate the building.

The Headquarters of the Northern Ireland Electricity Board at Malone Road, Belfast, was always a potential IRA target. It is the civilian equivalent of Springfield Road Barracks, Belfast, where Sergeant Michael Willets of the Parachute Regiment died in May—a secure place where a spectacularly successful bomb operation could demonstrate IRA invincibility. But this was a civilian target and—unlike the Springfield Road attack, where no warning was given—it was desirable to avoid casualties at a time when public opinion was divided over the wisdom of internment.

It is almost certain that in preparing this attack the bombers followed the Springfield Road precedent of studying the layout of the building and learning as much as possible beforehand about its security and emergency procedures. The target, known throughout Northern Ireland as the EBNI Building, is fortunate in having as safety officer Mr J. McLean, one of the most assiduous men in the business, who previously worked at a nuclear power station.

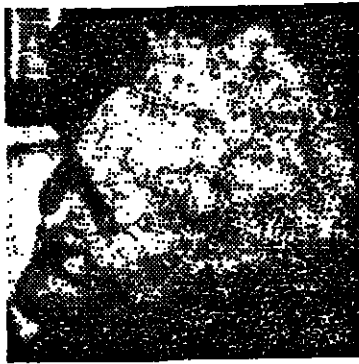
The evacuation and first aid procedure which he worked out had been rehearsed more than once. There are normally 600 people working in the building, and in rehearsal the time taken to evacuate them to muster points outside for a roll call averaged between 3 and 3½ minutes.

According to the telephone switchboard operator who received the warning, a caller said: "Listen very carefully. This is very important. There has been a bomb planted in the building and you have five minutes to evacuate." On Friday morning, at a private inquiry into the tragedy, Mr McLean and his seniors were able to establish that the alarm did not start ringing immediately the call was received. The alarm system is a standard combination of automatic response to heat, smoke and fumes and the manually operated

push button in a glass case. Because this was a bomb threat there was no question of the automatic system taking over.

The girl on the switchboard told a more senior woman colleague, who relayed the threat to the switchboard supervisor, a man. He in turn telephoned the most senior official in the building, the Administration Manager, Mr J. McA. Irons. Mr Irons telephoned Mr McLean's extension on the floor below. Mr McLean's assistant answered and immediately told Mr McLean. Both men conferred briefly about the possibility of a hoax and decided to check personally with Irons that he and not a hoaxer had telephoned them. They left their office and met Irons on the stairs, accompanied by the male switchboard supervisor.

One of these two confirmed: "It's definitely a bomb. We had the warning two or three minutes ago." Mr McLean estimates that by the time the alarm was given between 6 and 6½ minutes had elapsed since the telephone warning was received. Another 3 to 3½ minutes were required to clear the building. One or two minutes after the alarm, as hundreds of girls poured on to the emergency stairway and the switchboard operators made emergency calls to police, fire and medical authorities, the bomb,



After the blast: injured woman

placed in a locker near the stairs, exploded.

An army disposal team which arrived soon afterwards discovered a second bomb about 12 feet away whose alarm clock had been put out of action by the first bomb.

However, one important anomaly remains unresolved. The RUC version rests on the log of telephone messages at the EBNI and at its own headquarters. An RUC spokesman said yesterday: "There was only one call, received 90 seconds prior to the explosion. The records show it was a woman." Mr McLean believes that the voice was that of "a breathless woman." But the girl who took the call told me: "I answered it immediately. Contrary to what has been published it was a gentleman who spoke."

Could there, then, have been more than one telephone call that morning? Certainly there are Belfast sources in a position to know who suggest privately that this is so. Indeed, the same sources add that the warning given was more, more than, even 6 minutes, let alone 90 seconds. This unofficial version would solve some of the contradictions now emerging. But it was not confirmed yesterday by any of the authorities in Ulster.

Tony Geraghty

The good citizen Grimley

AT 35 Michael Grimley, of the cathedral town of Armagh, is any one's idea of a good citizen. He works hard (fitter's mate at a local factory), goes to church every Sunday (Catholic), drinks in moderation and likes nothing more than going camping with his wife Mary and their seven children. He has a barrel chest, an iron grip and, even in Armagh yesterday, he was radiating Irish good nature.

Last year, Grimley joined the new Ulster Defence Regiment, the para-military force in principle made up of Protestants and Catholics which was supposed to take the place of the all-Protestant B Specials. His wife supported his decision. "If some of you Catholic men don't join up, the UDR will be just like the B-men all over again."

But, it appears, some of Grimley's Catholic neighbours at the D'Alton Park Housing Estate didn't like the idea of a Catholic joining anything which might be used to uphold the Northern Ireland regime. Someone aerosoled his new Cortina with distinctly unfriendly messages: "Traitor" and "Pig Get Out."

Grimley discussed these threats with a Protestant workmate. "Why not move out of Armagh into the country until this dies down?" the friend suggested. "You can borrow my cottage on Deadman's Hill in Cladybeg" (which is 10 miles from Armagh).

Two weeks ago Grimley moved into the cottage with his wife and five of his children, and his brother-in-law to help him get the cottage straightened out. In a Protestant house in a Protestant farming area he felt, for the moment, safe.

One night last week the Grimleys had just gone to bed, after watching the Belfast news on their new portable TV set, when they were awakened by a crash of glass, flames and smoke. Someone had smashed the window and tossed in three petrol bombs, and the only staircase to the upper storey was blazing fiercely.

Grimley's brother-in-law kicked out a bedroom window (he has 38 stitches in his leg), jumped out, and caught Grimley's wife and four of his children as he handed them out. But Grimley could not find his son Malachi, aged six, and had his legs badly burnt as he searched the blazing upper storey for him. Finally he found him, unconscious, under his parents' bed.

"The wee lad was trying to hide from the flames," he explained. "My brother-in-law was lucky to find a passing motorist to get an ambulance to the phones don't work in the Armagh district since someone (presumably the IRA) blew up the telephone exchange last weekend."

The word has gone round that Grimley's assailants were Protestants, objecting both to Catholics joining the UDR and to Catholics living in a Protestant house. The Armagh Provisional IRA have threatened revenge.

The whole Grimley family are now in Armagh hospital, and the UDR has one Catholic soldier fewer. "I suppose, in a way, we are lucky," said Michael Grimley in Ward Six yesterday. "We are all alive and we have our tent to go to when we get out of here."

Murray Sayle

The essential Minister Bleakley

MINISTERS in London are examining ways of amending Northern Ireland's constitution to make it easier for Ulster to broaden the political base of his Cabinet. The immediate need is to enable Mr David Bleakley, the Labour man brought in as Minister of Community Relations but without a seat in Stormont, to continue in office after his legal six-month "term" expires in October.

One idea rapidly gaining ground in official circles in Whitehall and Stormont is a small amendment to the Government of Ireland Act giving the Governor of Northern Ireland powers to appoint—to the advice of the Stormont Premier—up to 10 additional members of the Senate. This is the "life peers" principle—with one difference—these Senators would sit for the life of one Parliament only.

But if Westminster is to act in haste in time to cover the Bleakley case it will have to be recalled before October 2, his present deadline in office. Under the Act as it stands an Ulster Minister can remain in office only so long as he has a Parliamentary seat—and local Unionists have successfully blocked all efforts to find him one.

Mr Reginald Maundling, the Home Secretary, is known to be extremely worried about the impact his departure would have on minority groups in Ulster. The timing of his constitutional deadline is also dangerous in terms of UK politics, since it falls on the eve of the Labour Party's annual conference.

Unionist Cabinet members too are anxious to keep Mr Bleakley, the Oxford-educated former shipyard worker and active trade unionist. They complain privately that he "lectures us a bit," but they have a high regard for his ability as a Minister, not least for the way he has gone into both hardline Protestant and Catholic areas of Belfast in recent months—something none of them have attempted—and been welcomed in both.

Mr Faulkner's courageous experiment in giving office to Mr Bleakley is now resulting in anguish behind the closed doors of the Unionist Party. One idea is that he could go on October 2 and then be reappointed within a couple of days. But the Unionist Parliamentary Party is adamant that the Act should not be "bent" in this way.

Yesterday Mr Bleakley gave me his own view of the situation: "If we now go back to an all-Unionist Government it will be to return to the monolithic stability of the graveyard. But if the Unionists want me to stay on they've given me no indication. All I am aware of is the remorseless ticking away of the constitutional clock."

Meanwhile, a meeting of leaders of the Ulster, Irish and UK Labour Parties with Shadow Home Secretary Mr James Callaghan is planned at Transport House on Wednesday.

Stephen Fay writes from New York: Mr Gerry Fitt, Republican MP for Belfast West at Westminster and also a member of Stormont, told the UN's Secretary General, U Thant, here last week that unless moves towards a political solution in Ulster are made by the British Government during the next three months violence by the IRA will be uncontrollable.

Muriel Bowen

IN BRIEF

1066 and all that custard p

THE FIELD of the Battle of Hastings cannot have known uproar since William and his Saxons routed Harold Godwinson back in 1066. Michael Moynihan, on loved acres where the believed to have been near Battle, Sussex, the of 1971 frolicked yesterday start of a three-day fest

There were funfair, rounds and stalls selling roasted ox. There were a military touches, such as archery display, a joust, and the catapult giant custard pie from a siege engine. King Harold have preferred that to a

The festival may be start. "We are now at turn this most famous c fields into a major touri," said Mr Simon H one of the three trustee estate that owns the fel el lumiere at Battle. Abb looking the battlement medieval banquets are attractions being consid will all be done with a m eye to history."

Radio joi VD fight

A LOCAL radio station is a hospital's venereal clinic to track down path to report for their treatment. The stator Birmingham, broadcasts number, age, sex and na of the defaulters—peo cannot be tracked dow wise because they ga names and addresses

Radi, Birmingham is ing this service at the of the city's venerology tant. Already a few have been persuaded to for treatment. Nobody i plainc about the broadca the station manager, Johnston, is thinking of ing a series of programmi Do you think you have g

The regional hospital which expects new cases 10,000 this year—is also local authorities a sim publicity about VD in Doctors find, for exam some patients imagine t shot of penicillin will cu when in fact many week ment are needed.

Arrested cre story 'False

The story of the Briti Salavager being boarded in and its crewmen arrested pletely false, Mr Richard a British diplomat, said day.

He went to the Guinea to investigate reports d ship had been boarded af and 11 of its crew marci at gunpoint. Mr Sands is secretary of the Emba Dakar.

Six support

Ninety-five per cent of industry was in favour of the Common Market, the Trade Minister. Mr Noble, said in Sydney ye: "We must face competit I don't think there will great losses to worry ab said.—Reuter.

An eye for detail. That's what you need in the police.

Attending to all the details, knowing that missing one point, however small, could mean the difference between a solved and an unsolved crime. Checking the facts, then checking them again. It takes a special kind of person to get so involved in pursuing a job to its conclusion.

The problems the police face vary greatly, from keeping one step ahead of the increasingly sophisticated methods of modern crime, to the unenviable task of dealing with the ever-growing difficulties of traffic congestion. But the same meticulous

attention to the little things is a vital factor in finding the right answer, whatever the problem.

And all the time the policeman has to hold the balance between the needs of the community and the rights of the individual. Ask him how he copes with it all and, ten to one, he'll just say that the satisfaction of the job makes up for the knocks.

Being a policeman will test any man. The job takes tact, intelligence, patience, and guts. It's a good job for all of us that our police have got what it takes.

Making a career in the police.

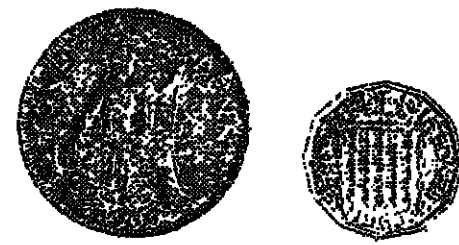
If you would like to know more about a policeman's life and career prospects, or think it would interest anyone you know, write to: Police Careers Officer, Home Office (D), LONDON, S.W.1, for further information. For those under 19 there are opportunities to join as a cadet.

Britain's Police—doing a great job.



مركز الاموال

DECIMAL CURRENCY BOARD



After August 31st old pennies and 3d bits cannot be used as money

Decimalisation has gone so smoothly that the "changeover period" (during which old and new money may both be used) will now end on August 31st, 1971.

From September 1st, therefore, our money will be fully decimal. This means that:

- All cash transactions will be in decimal money.
- Old pennies and threepenny bits should be used up before the end of August. Look them out and use them in amounts of 60 (24p). Or pay them into a bank or savings account. Banks will accept them in amounts of 1/- (5p).
- Shillings and two shilling pieces will continue as 5p and 10p coins.
- Sixpences will continue as 2½p coins until at least February 1973.

Before ending their work, the Decimal Currency Board wish to thank the public and the business community for their co-operation and understanding, which led to such a smooth changeover.

Use up your old pennies and 3d bits before September 1st

Gay ble thabol in stapark

rek Humphry

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ett Cerf
at 73
Cerf, the American
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sionist, has died at his
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Balzac comes to Hemel Hempstead

Rising from a twentieth-century urban landscape of semis, family grocers and London buses—a nineteenth-century literary giant, Honoré de Balzac. Kodak Limited bought one of the 12 casts of Rodin's 10ft-high sculpture to erect it last week in front of their Hemel Hempstead headquarters in Herts.

The backward plane of the future

By Alex Finer

"WELL, it works," said David Lockspeiser after flying one of the oddest planes ever planned for commercial production. It was the maiden flight of a machine which Lockspeiser, ex-fighter pilot and test pilot, has spent 14 years of his spare time designing and building.

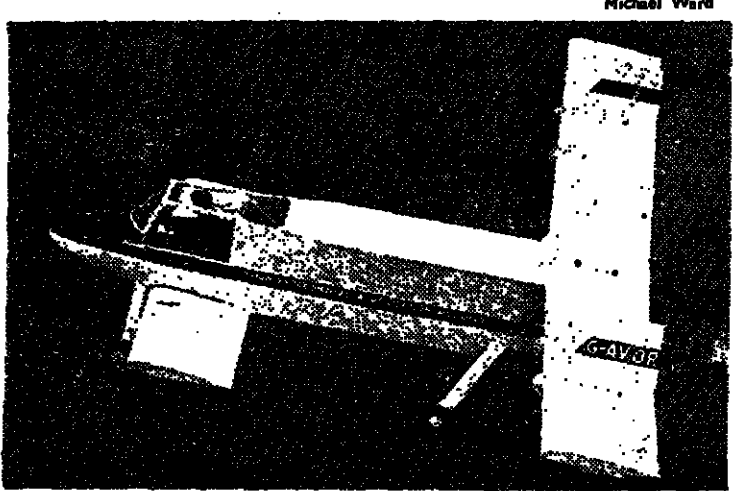
The prototype plane—known only as LDA 1—has a back-to-front look with its propeller and main wing span at the rear. It took under 100 yards to get airborne at Wisley Aerodrome, Surrey, last week. After half-an-hour of tests at 2,000 feet, Lockspeiser flew past triumphantly ten feet from the ground.

Since the Wright brothers first took to the air in a plane of similar tandem wing configuration, none has ever reached production status. Lockspeiser, 44, says of his machine: "Whatever a Land-Rover does on the ground, this will do in the air. Most under-developed countries need a cheap plane, easy to build with interchangeable parts, that is genuinely multi-purpose."

The prototype, built for under £3,000 with a radio from an old

Hawker Hurricane and an engine donated by the Lebanese air force, is designed for use with wheels, boats or skis and carries a removable freight carrying pack in its belly that would

reduce turn-around time and be particularly useful in relief operations for instance. The prototype is a 70 per cent scale model of the planned production plane which should cost



LDA 1 in the air: not since the Wright brothers...

less than £10,000 at 1971 prices. It is aimed firmly at the export market. Possible uses include carrying vehicles, dropping frogmen, airlifting emergency food supplies and extinguishing burning oil wells as well as more conventional crop-spraying and passenger service.

Lockspeiser said the plane handled very well on its maiden flight and—because of the propeller position—gave the pilot a better view than a conventional aircraft and was quieter. Now all he needs is a benevolent merchant bank or millionaire to get the production model off the ground.

The plane's design means that the entire fuselage is simply a container with a bottom half which can quickly be removed without getting caught up with wing struts. The aircraft can be changed from crop-sprayer to passenger plane in minutes by switching "containers."

The position of the main wing means the plane can fly at low speeds (essential in, for instance, crop-spraying) and the rear engine is less likely to suck in birds and insects.

General's bogey-hunt splits East Africans

By Ralph Hawkins, Nairobi

WHEN THE DUST finally settles on last week's clashes across the Uganda-Tanzania border, the heaviest casualty will be the East African Community.

The fighting can probably be described, in conservative terms, as a skirmish of less than average African size. Indeed, Uganda can still point to other stretches of her frontier where hundreds die every year in tribal border clashes.

Official reports put the casualty figure at Mutukula at about six

dead, not apparently a serious matter, except that the exchange—and the resultant resumption of the war of words—have together left another ugly tear in the slender fabric of the East African Community and its 30 million population.

President Idi Amin of Uganda has become almost hysterical, it seems, in his search for a Chinese bogeyman on his southern border. He quickly claimed that one of last week's dead was a

Chinese Colonel, whose body was shown to Pressmen when it was returned to Kampala, Uganda's capital.

Many who saw the body are inclined to believe the explanation of Julius Nyerere, the Tanzanian President, that the dead man was Hans Poppe, a senior Assistant Commissioner of Police stationed in the border area. Poppe was half German and half Tanzanian, and had been reported missing since last Tues-

day, two days before the body appeared in Kampala.

Since General Amin came to power last January President Nyerere has steadfastly refused to recognise the Ugandans' authority, and has declared that he will never sit with the General around a conference table.

The East African Community leaders—including President Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya—normally meet two or three times a year, so it is difficult to see how any policy decisions can be taken in light of Tanzania's stand.

Just how porny can you get?

REACTIONS to Lord Longford's remarkable recent anti-pornography trip to Denmark can—after a swift canvass of responsible public opinion—best be described as "mixed." Mixed and strong.

There is one member of the Longford Commission who will shortly abandon the whole investigation—because Frank Longford has made such an ass of himself. This member is not at present willing to divulge his (or her) name. "But you may print my opinion that no one's going to be able to deal with the terrible problem of pornography seriously again until these ludicrous incidents have been forgotten."

On the other hand, there is the unformid courier for the American Express company whose reaction was "very friendly." Lord Longford tells me, despite a most unnerving pornographic experience.

This courier was approached last Thursday night in London Airport Customs hall by a tall, distinguished man with large tufts of hair beside each ear. The man, in a manner described as "hurried and furtive" by two Commission members, thrust several extremely dirty Danish magazines beneath the courier's nose.

He then (according to the same witnesses) said: "I want you to examine these magazines. Carefully. You may have heard of me. I am the Earl of Longford. I was a Minister in the last government. I have just returned from Copenhagen."

At this point Lord Longford realised he was not addressing a Customs officer.

HIS Lordship, as every British newspaper reader and television viewer must by now be vividly aware, visited Copenhagen last week, with several companions. His object was to discover what happens in a country where all sexual censorship has been removed. He spent two days there, had many fruitful discussions with Danish officials, and two unnerving nightclub encounters with naked men and women.

Reactions by members of the Longford Commission left behind in England have also been strong. Mr Cecil King, for instance, was guardedly critical. "What Lord Longford has done," he said, "is to give the seamy side of Danish life the greatest publicity it has enjoyed for years."

Mr King also has reservations about the work of the Anti-Pornography Commission as a whole. "When I joined, I thought we were to be a friendly group of shining crusaders. Now I find that some of the members of the Longford Commission actually seem to be in favour of pornography. This, to say the least of it, is a disappointment."

Mr David Kossoff, another founder-member, has actually already resigned. His point-of-view contrasts with Cecil King's. He doesn't think people should try to decide what others should, or should not, see. And on the Copenhagen jaunt he allowed himself a series of aphorisms: "Pornography is in the eye of the beholder," he said. "People get the pornography, like they get the government, they deserve."

Furthermore, I suggest there should be this new verb: to 'copenhage'. It means to bring guilty secrets out from the shadows—and make them boring."

From Devon, Mr David Holbrook, the literary critic, voiced a favourable reaction. "Although Lord Longford has refused to publish a book of mine, I still



think he's an excellent fellow. It was right to go and see the pornography in Denmark, and to advertise it by a shocked reaction. "To my mind that kind of stuff is madness, total madness. We've got to realise that, even if it means we display a mad reaction to it. I mean—it's necessary for us to stop being urbane and calm about pornography. We've got to vomit at it—then we can begin improving the situation."

Some of the fiercest reactions after the trip concerned my colleagues of the Press. Lord Longford himself is wryly amused at the fickle behaviour of newspaper reporters. When he originally announced his Commission it was widely condemned as a bunch of elderly and reactionary cronies. Consequently he searched for some young, and unreactionary, companions for his Danish trip. As good public relations he thrust them towards reporters, and told them to talk freely. The consequence was that most newspapers talked of rows, splits, and resignations.

"That," said Lord Longford wearily, "is the way of the world. The kind of giggle, irresponsible coverage the British Press gave the trip is symptomatic of our puerile attitude to pornography," said Mr Gyles Brandreth, another Copenhagen investigator. "The Danish Press was very mature about it all. They just printed our photographs."

Even Mr Brandreth, however, was a bit giggly about various incidents. For instance, the reaction of the News of the World photographer whose glasses were stolen by a naked lady during her nightclub act. For a few seconds they were brandished in a very daring Danish manner; then returned to him. He made an excuse, and left them off.

And what about Mr Peregrine Worsthorpe of the Sunday Telegraph? Mr Worsthorpe was also in that nightclub, present both as a porn prober and as a reporter. For some arcane reason, he was the only male in the entire party never to be propositioned, manhandled, vibrated, abused, whipped, or even approached. Was this a compliment to his unbending mind? Or an insult? We shall not discover until the Commission publishes its findings.

It was the more serious talks with Danish experts and officials, however, that the Longford party remember best. These talks are what inspire the more intractable disagreements. The younger

members tended broadly to believe the experts who told them things were working well in Denmark. Lord Longford on the other hand, tended to believe those who said they weren't.

The key figure here is the Copenhagen psychologist Beril Kutschinsky. Kutschinsky believes that sex crimes in Denmark have dramatically declined in the past few years, and says that the freely available pornography is probably a major reason why this has happened.

"I found Kutschinsky's theory convincing," says Brandreth. "Admittedly the Copenhagen police chief cast some doubt on the sex crime statistics—are there fewer, or merely fewer reported?—but it is a formidable argument for liberalising the censorship laws, nonetheless."

Of course the liberals jumped on Kutschinsky's findings. Says Longford: "But really, they don't offer them any comfort. For one thing the sex crimes started declining before the censorship was lifted. For another, the statistics aren't reliable."

What would happen if Gyles Brandreth and other Commission members stuck to their interpretation, and the Earl to his? Well, we'll have to have a Minority and a Majority report," says Longford. "But really, you mustn't give too much credence to young people who spend a couple of days in Copenhagen without previous study. I've been immersed in this business for months."

To this, other younger Commission members who asked not to be identified (the thing about this investigation of total frankness is that all the investigators appear to be obsessively secretive) responded that, though young, they felt themselves far less innocent about sexual matters than Lord Longford.

He says he's had eight children and seems to think that makes him an expert," said one younger. "But do you know that only about a month ago one of his assistants had to explain to him what oral sex was? He'd never heard of it."

Meanwhile, the only totally delighted reaction seemed to come from the professionals. "Longford! The patron saint of pornography! We haven't had such a boost since Oz," said the proprietor of the Book Exchange Mart, Brewer Street, Soho.

"A lovely man," said Pat of Spicerama. "But why did he boost that foreign muck? We have it just as good, and British, right here."

"You can say we're considering mounting this new act entitled 'Longford—with whips,'" said Mike, stage manager of the Carnival Theatre Club, Old Compton Street, "provided you make it clear it is in a humorous context."

"Longford's quite right!" said George, just opposite. "Disgusting those live shows. Books are far better."

"I deny it absolutely," said Bryan, of Exotic Models. "Lord Longford and I are just good friends."

Nicholas Tomalin

'Bandits' may dodge tax

THE INVENTION of a new kind of one-armed bandit which pays out only to customers with skill—and which therefore should evade the Government's heavy licence fees on such machines in clubs and pubs—has been claimed by a man in Wolverhampton.

Mr Victor Kendrick, aged 56,

believes his invention, the "skilled bandit," will provide him with the biggest jackpot ever. In his opinion his new electronic fruit machine is not a gaming machine under the Betting and Gaming Act, because it pays out only to operators with sharp reflexes and is thus a game of skill rather than chance.

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Americans use clinch in opium war

Antony Terry
Paris

PART of the international network — a dozen laboratories manufacturing in the Marseilles area — have been escaping police according to American officials, because wealthy drug operators shielded by men in suits in France.

Americans' suspicions have pointed out into the open leader of their anti-drug troops. Mr. John Cusack, the European Narcotics used at the US Embassy in an interview in a newspaper he says for four "big shots" control the Mafia-linked work have "large bank and lots of influence" — that they are completely secure.

Cusack has a right to in the failure of French efforts because the two countries are together in the heroin or an agreement signed this ago by the US General and the French Minister, Raymond.

But Mr Cusack's comments angered the French. "The American police seek an excuse for impotence by accusing police. Nobody is pro-Marseilles or anywhere."

Mr Cusack was not down. He said the heroin is now 50m a year in America, three or four top men depositing millions of dollars in Swiss banks. "I have their links classes of society in they have their contacts politicians."

Officials believe that contacts, backed by big have given immunity to laboratories, hidden villas behind high walls, divert raw opium from heroin for the huge racket.

Cusack says: "Our information that half these establishments continue to work flat during daytime. They for 10 days in every since the chemists need recuperation. Marseilles to the entire Mafia hit on drugs. Unfortunately the past five years the laboratory has been run by the French authorities I am here to stop with everybody's help."

Expected to attack the drug-traffickers' "pro-at the Interpol conference in Ottawa next week."



The young limbs and the old bones that meet in fair Corinium

ALAS, POOR MARCUS, I knew him not at all: Vivian Mace, a 16-year-old schoolgirl, meets a 1,600-year-old skeleton last week, one of 100 which have been uncovered recently on an archaeological dig at Cirencester in Gloucestershire. Excavators, mainly students, are working with uncanny

speed on the site because part of the new Cirencester by-pass is scheduled to run through it next year. This means that a fourth century mosaic with a rabbit in the centre medallion—the only one of its kind in Britain—must be lifted next spring at a cost of several thousand pounds. A

public appeal is being arranged. A home will have to be found for the pavement because the museum at Cirencester, once Corinium, the second Roman city in Britain after London in the fourth century, is already overflowing with Roman remains. Scott Anderson, 22-year-old chief aide on the

site, said yesterday that the stone bases of at least 21 rooms of a mansion owned by a "very wealthy Romano British nobleman" have now been uncovered. But much may be lost because of water underground.

Picture: Stanley Devon

Hormones may cure prostate sufferers

By a Medical Correspondent

SOME of the thousands of older men who suffer urinary difficulties because of enlargement of the prostate gland may in future be cured without an operation. A highly respected medical team at McGill University in Canada has found that a new hormone called medrogestone shrinks the enlarged gland within six weeks and reduces difficulty in passing urine and other discomfort suffered by patients.

The prostate gland surrounds the lower part of the bladder. In young and middle-aged men it is only the size of a chestnut but in later life it may swell to the size of an orange and block the flow of urine. Prostate enlargement affects about a third of men in their sixties and almost all men over 70. One in 10 sufferers need an operation and, although the risks of operation are now low, patients with heart or lung disease, for instance, may be unfit for surgery.

Since prostate enlargement is thought to result from faulty hormone balance in later life, research has concentrated mainly on trying hormone treatment. Until now the results have been disappointing. The Canadian research, reported in the current issue of Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics, was strictly controlled. All the 24 patients treated were poor risks for surgery. They were treated for six weeks in turn with either the hormone or a dummy tablet. Neither the doctors nor patients knew who was receiving the active substance. The results were also assessed "blind" before breaking the code.

The study proved for the first time that hormone treatment can be effective and improvement continued for as long as a year after stopping treatment. There was none of the serious risks, such as blood clotting, found with other hormones.

The Canadian team urges further research to answer such questions as: what is the correct hormone dosage? How long does improvement persist? Which patients should still have the operation.

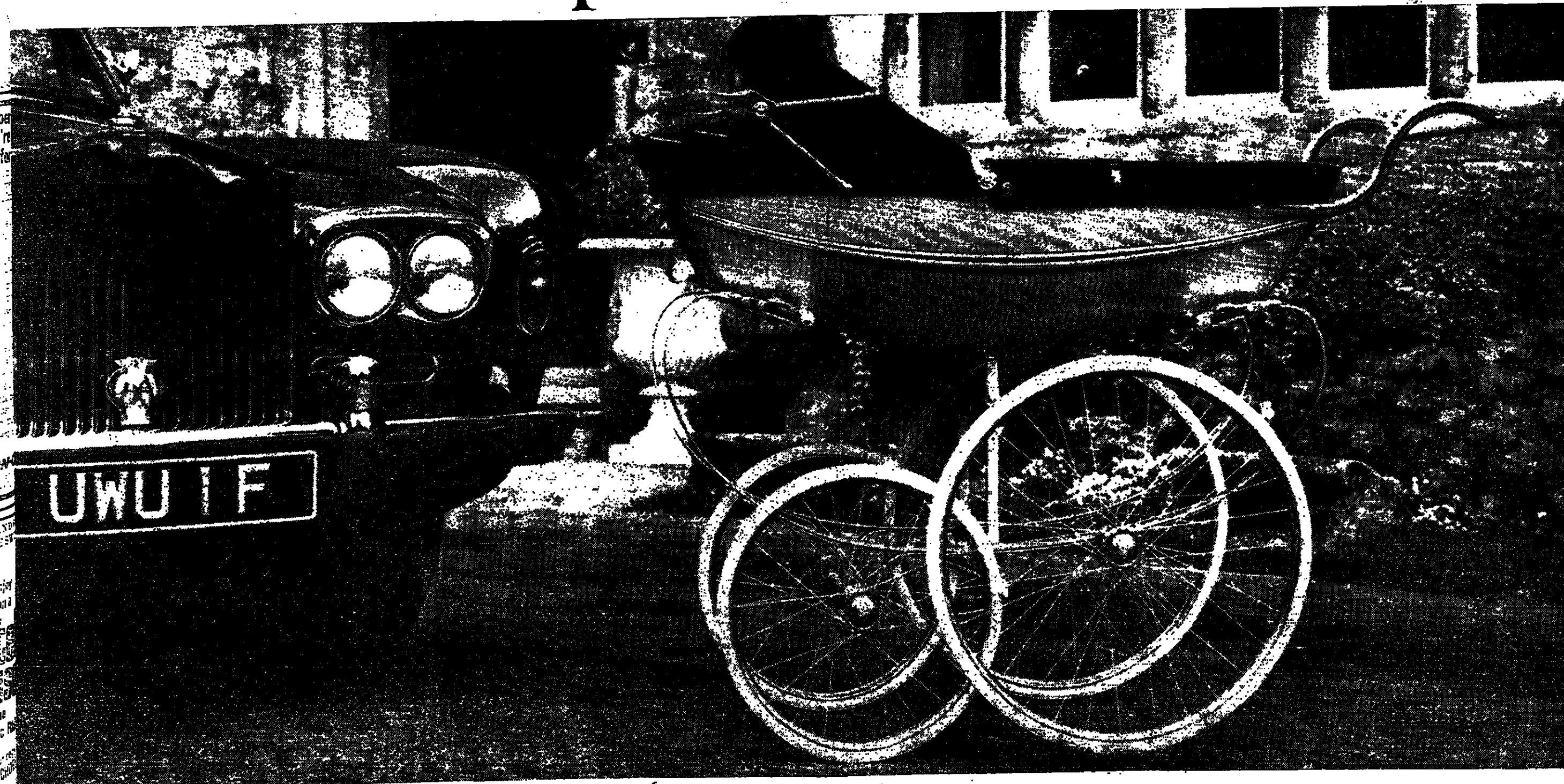
Rush for £15 job

Three hundred people applied for a £15-a-week van driving job advertised in Peterborough, Northants—where about 10 per cent of the working population are unemployed.

£25,000 winner

The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by 2DT 612805. The winner lives in Manchester.

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SPECTRUM

Violence: the bent evidence

VIOLENT crime is increasing at an alarming rate. If things go on as they are the streets of London will soon be as dangerous as those of New York or Washington. The leniency of the courts is a major factor working in favour of the violent criminal.

These fundamental contentions put forward earlier in the week by two Scotland Yard officers in an interview with *The Times* have struck a remarkable chord of approval both within and outside the police force. They have been widely accepted as an objective assessment of a situation which has been too often blurred by Parliament, the Home Office and the Press. It is difficult to imagine any other area of public life in which such massive claims could be made without evidence produced to support them.

Yet the facts are available. We have set each of the claims made by Assistant Commissioner Brodie, and his Deputy, Richard Chitty (whose statements were largely anticipated by Sir John Waldron, Metropolitan Police Commissioner, in his annual report in June), against the relevant evidence. They present a rather different picture.

The first and most basic assumption is that there is an alarming increase in crimes of violence: "Violent Crime Rate Running at 30 Cases a Day in London," ran one particularly emotive headline last week. It gives an impression of a crime where muggings and violent robberies are common-place.

In fact these figures are a tiny proportion of the whole. Certainly, crimes of violence

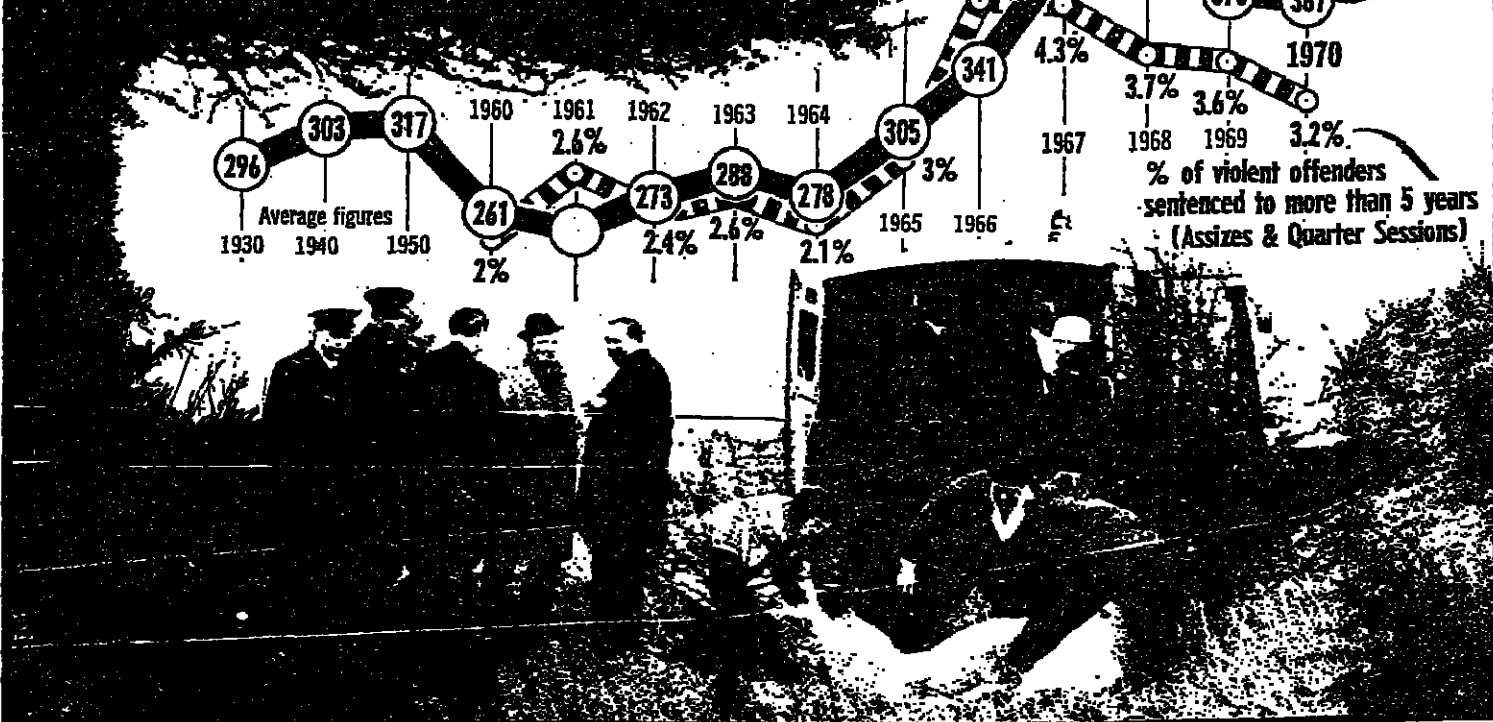
against the person, known to the police (they include everything from murder to sexual assault) are on the increase. The Criminal Statistics for England and Wales showed an average annual rise of 10 per cent from 1960-1970.

But as an index of a violent society these figures are suspect. First, the events they describe do not often correspond to the popular image of "violence against an innocent victim." Evidence produced by Frank McClelland in his 1968 edition of "Crimes of Violence" showed that 30 per cent of violent crimes related to "family disputes, quarrels between neighbours or between persons working together." Another 20 per cent were "attacks in or around public houses, cafes and other places of entertainment." Six per cent were sex crimes. And of the remaining 44 per cent a large number (undefinable) involved affrays in which both sides were prepared for a fight and ready to carry it through. Thus, the "30 cases a day in London" is reduced to about four when family quarrels, pub brawls, and two-sided fights are taken away.

The second criticism relates to the method of recording the overall violent crime figure. Although the term "crimes known to the police" is the accepted definition, these are not hard crime figures: they tell us something about the efficiency of the police in recording crime, or their vigilance at any given time, but they take no account of the dark figure of unrecorded crime never reported to the police.

The crime row... what the figures really tell... how it all blew up

CRIME & PUNISHMENT



The figures show the remarkable way in which sentencing has kept pace with the incidence of violent death

Thus more violence occurs sentencing has become soft. "I than is ever recorded (family quarrels, secret gang-fights, etc.), but the incidence of "hard-core" violence (robbery etc.) is much less than the overall figure suggests."

To use these complex figures as a reliable index of change is almost impossible. Instead we have taken the best indicator of "real" violence—murder plus manslaughter (see chart). The two must be taken together because of the dubious dividing line between them. The advantage of the figures is (a) they are easy to define, (b) they are difficult to conceal either from police or statisticians, (c) the time cannot easily be mistaken for anything else.

They show an annual increase of 3.6 per cent since 1960. Adjusted to population rise this is 2.5 per cent—an increase, but not a very fast one, and certainly not a scare rate.

The Yard men allege that

chart). Sixty per cent do not receive sentences at all. This figure has remained constant over the years.

The number receiving heavy sentences (more than five years) is more significant. First, the absolute number is small—as it has always been—fewer than 220 have received 5-year plus sentences in any one year for offences against the person. Secondly, the proportion of those found guilty who receive long sentences is noticeably greater than 10 years ago—up from 2 to 3.2 per cent.

Thus instead of the judges' lenient pronouncing a spiral in the crime-rate, the opposite appears to obtain. Increased crime (as illustrated by our murder-manslaughter index) is echoed, or indeed sometimes anticipated, by a corresponding increase in the stiffness of sentences handed out. The Yard men were clearly more impressed by the prison system as they felt it used to exist.

are not invoked for crimes of violence. The parole system too has not been particularly generous to the violent offender. In the two and a half years up to December 1970 during which the system operated, 4,718 prisoners were released on parole. Only 0.3 per cent committed further offences of a violent or sexual nature.

"They have got television in prisons now... The idea that prisons today, grossly overcrowded, still predominate Victorian have almost unchanged in concept, are too comfortable for their inmates is a curious one indeed. To assess their effect statistically is impossible—and it has never been attempted. But the account of one violent criminal who has seen much of Britain's top prisons, is cited alongside. It hardly bears out the allegations of the men from Scotland Yard. The main effort of prison staff is aimed at rehabilitation, with the basic punishment continuing to be just the deprivation of freedom, and not a regime of punitive hardship as this present has not been seriously challenged so far.

"It is frustrating when you arrest a man against great odds and then have a strong plea for custody turned down. The police, in fact, have it virtually their own way when it comes to bail. The most recent study, by Michael Zander and a team from LSE showed that when police objected to bail the courts followed their recommendations in 73 per cent of cases. It is going the way of New York and Washington."

It has got a long way to go. Crime in New York continues to rise at a rate that makes anything here shrink into insignificance. In that state three people are murdered each day on average. Another three are raped. Burglary figures are astronomical.

It is, perhaps, the very sweeping nature of the police claims that most harms their effectiveness. There are a number of factors which make the courts, the Home Office, and indeed, the police themselves. Causes of violence on a national scale do, after all, exist. But the arguments engendered in the last week, sparked off by the Yard men, served to obscure, not to clarify, those points.

Magnus Linklater and Peter Kellner

The m bag po

I HOPE you will be as long as possible sternest discipline of what I call the "m bag po". Stevenson sentenced old youth to Borstal robbery in 1969, officers at Scotland undoubtedly agree with that lengthy sentence violent criminals.

Barney Ross was He was 41 in May charged from prison ing 12 years for the He did time in Darhurst and the notorious security wing at Du turned closest last we verdict on his crime is simply: "I just whether I am an ex still a criminal. I've myself sorted out b certainly didn't."

Ross was a s ten years for violence in 1959 (shot but no one was hurt) to Dartmoor after a in Wandsworth. "I parole in those days a stiff sentence your was escape and I we all with two off Christmas, 1962," he the other man were the month eight days I turned to sewing m

In the escape m had been wounded a sentenced to a furthe in addition to the of this incident. Shortl he was sent to E Wing He turned a hard reg There was no smoking, no newsp letter a fortnight a every eight weeks. mail bags in our cell four weeks we were work in isolation prisoners for one hou Beds were wood which stood up asl during the daytime, w folded, and it was a lie on the bed durk We were not even alld for our piss-pots. Ross emerged from a "deep hared for who have kept me ther and contempt for law and all that justice i to represent." And if as the policeman inte the Tories suggeste, of grub and weekend never had either.

If Ross's view of to institutions is not there is always the ment of the king o underworld in the Hill. By the time he w spent 17 years in borstal. During one nine months' hard lab strokes of the birch breaking and attack he was confined to a animal bones until it sick. On his release h "All they did was animal of me... do, was in love with soc came out."

And the final word i

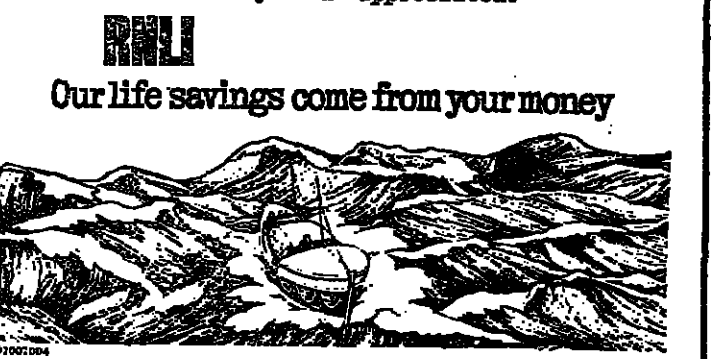
"The only significant deterrent sentences, I that they are failure professional crime, not a profession you being locked up with other criminals with more to occupy your sewing mail bags. Tt to think of something different."

Peter

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Hawks in Yard swoop

men at the Yard, but Mr. Mark fairly and squarely in the pussy-footers' camp.

"Loss of life from crime is very small indeed in relation to the size of the population; similarly serious physical injury is comparatively rare," Mr. Mark had written. "That violent crime is increasing is beyond dispute, but the information available to the public and the form in which it is produced can mislead."

Such a scientific and liberal approach to the containment of violence displeased the hard-liners. What is more it came at a time when Mr. Mauding and his Home Office were apparently intent on turning a deaf ear to



Brodie (right) and Chitty

appeals for stricter measures. Six times in the past three months Mr. Mauding had been badgered by senior policemen to go after the Yard men. The Times interview as a good opportunity to collar public opinion. The interview was conducted with Assistant Commissioner

Peter Brodie, an old Harrovian who heads the Yard's Criminal Investigation Department and Deputy Assistant Commissioner Richard Chitty, who solved the Shepherd's Bush police murders five years ago and now directs CID operations. Also present was Eric Wright, chief of the news division.

It took the *Times* several days to process the interview and it was ready for publication a few hours before Supt. Richardson was shot. Its appearance in Tuesday's paper with reports of the robbery was, therefore, purely coincidental. The Yard meant the views expressed to relate specifically to violence but this did not quite come over.

Brodie and Chitty appeared to be talking about the whole range of crime from murder to petty larceny—but what they really meant to stress was that judges should put violent criminals in prison for a long time, that prison life was too

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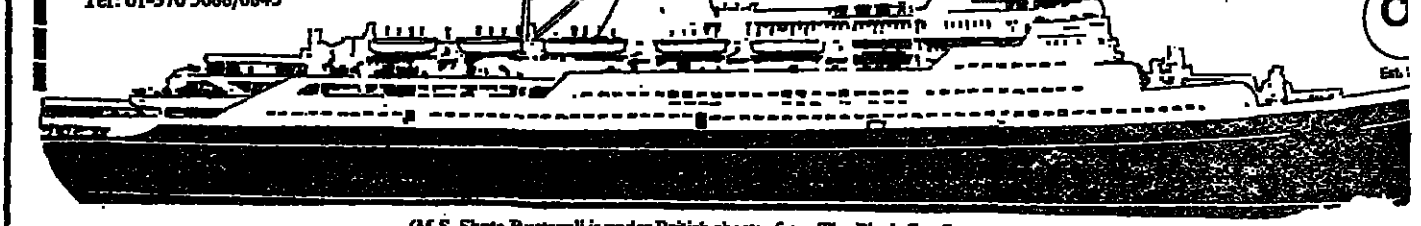
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TRIALS OF PALMER

Tom Davies and David Blundy

circus goes on. After himself almost into a re grave by producing words on the Oz trial for due out soon, Tony has now found that the trial is sitting on it. Some copies of the Trials of Oz piled up in a London and the air has been with the noise of hitting and the rattling of

lawyers for the distribution of the New English Library seeking three assurances: the book's publishers, the book's publishers, and Briggs, before they release the book. They are asking Topolski who has a graph for the book to arm that his drawings are done inside the court and want a letter from the judge who were on trial. Dennis and Anderson—



Palmer: "I have had a go at everyone"

must be met before the book is released. The point is that the first print of Palmer's instant creation had been completely spoken for. Even W. H. Smith, who won't sell Oz, asked for 10,000 copies, while Muzes wanted 7,000 and Australia 10,000. In fact W. H. Smith, who are not exactly

famous for their progressive stances, have even now insisted that the book should go on sale because they are happy with it legally and they like it anyway. The book is the first production of the new Blond and Briggs Company which was registered only last Monday. Desmond

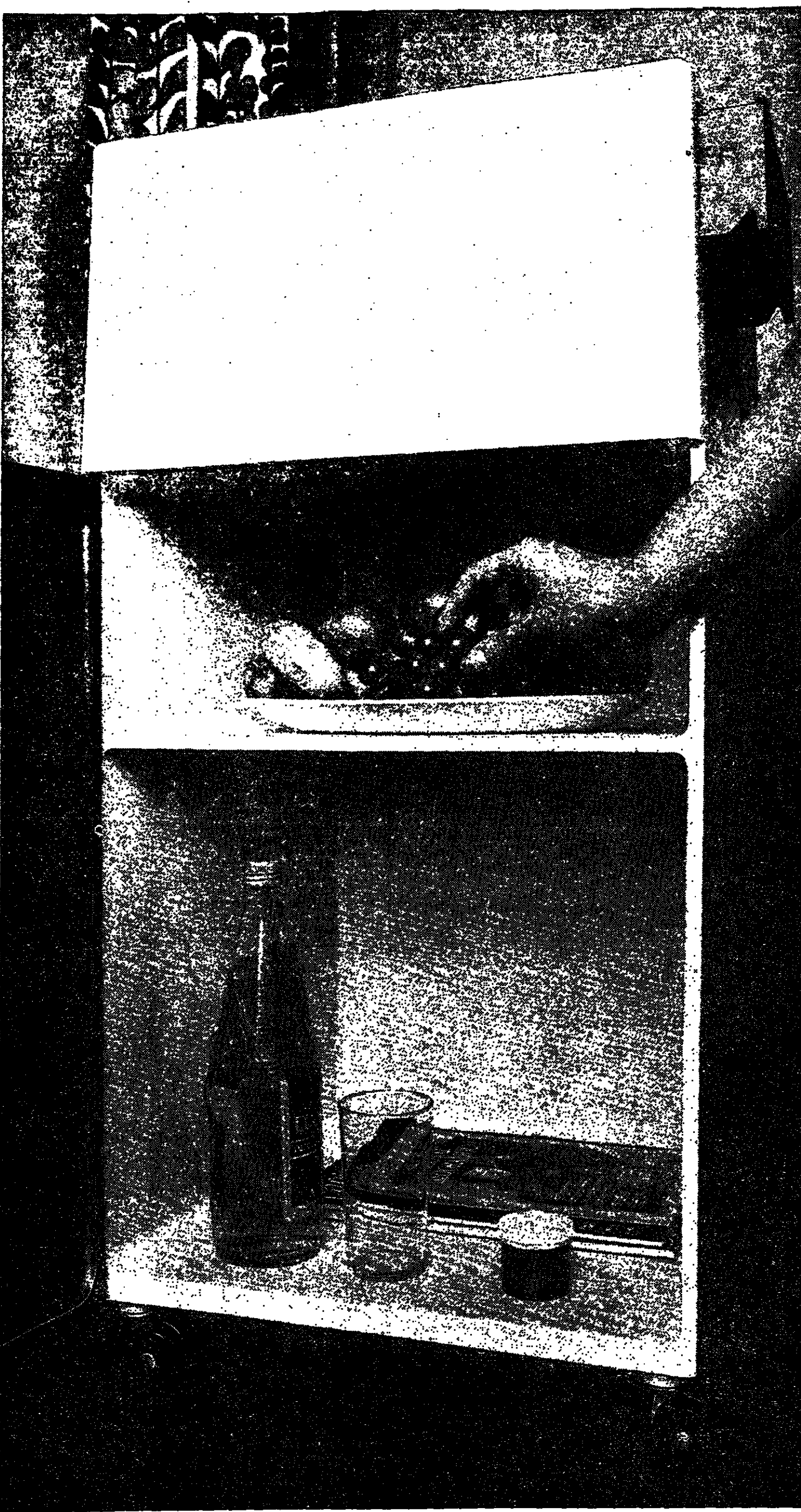
Briggs' arms were fluttering around his head and he was almost speechless with anger when we saw him. They have already had three sets of lawyers sniffing and snipping at the proofs but they all let it go. Now, just when the legal obstacle course looked clear The New English Library proved a new hurdle. "It's terrible," moaned Briggs. "Terrible."

Palmer himself is no stranger to rows: in fact so much he touches turns into a barney it sometimes makes you wonder. He is a cheerful bloke with short hair who looks as though he could do with a good night's sleep. He seems bent on making an enemy a week and, as he talks about them he loves and them he hates, his head bobs around like an underfed budgie. "In the book I have had a go at everyone," he says.

Yet for a man who has mauled so many in print he seemed curiously sensitive about what we were going to say about him. "Watch what you say now," he said as he left. "I wouldn't like to be able to talk to you again." We weren't exactly petrified by this but as he's only 30 today and he has got troubles enough we thought we would do the Christian thing and say no more.

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MORNING, as usual, the vicar of Michael Bland, vicar of a tiny village in the north, will ring his church bell and give Holy Communion to a congregation of one. It's always me one, his housekeeper Cecilia Bayliss says. For even the audience figures slump to none at all. Bland, 68, is bell again, stays around a minutes and speaks off.

nd, a burly six-footer with beliefs and a keen temper, en playing to empty houses year now, ever since he was up before the Consistory at Gloucester on seven as of neglect of duty and of unbecoming a cleric of Orders. The prosecution d that Bland wrote angry s to parishioners and d to give Holy Communion reporter, which didn't help res relations. Bland was ed of his living but made istical history by slapping appeal to the ancient Court ches which educed sentence Rebutte. Bland hardly feels ed at all. "It's like paying thing damages."

says he, only exchanged words with his parishioners then and most of those been rub.

nd's former verger, 69-year-

RY PATTERSON is a Leeds r who wears an ear-ring in left ear is bringing out his left book this week and is ing a bomb in excess of 100 lbs year to be precise. adventures, which he writes r the name of Jack Higgins, set in exotic places like the zon, China, Mexico, Green- and Sicily, so what with tied descriptions of screaming tes fire with birdsong and es; he incredible fauna and o the swamp and o the dervish men of the Mafia who der across parched Sicilian nines emptying bullets into another you would have said him to have travelled apid. Not true, Harry simply outhere more exotic than Yorkshire Dales.

old Richard Knight, is still snarling after a brush with the vicar over raising the flag on Armistice Day and over his last visit to the rectory. "The vicar rained out and bundled me off his land," (Bland: "He was freewheeling.") Then there was the time Knight went along to cut the grass in the graveyard and the vicar called the police. (Bland: "I don't mind discussing their souls but I'm not discussing church affairs.")

Bland is a bachelor of 49 and a former RAF intelligence officer. He came to Buckland 13 years ago. He says he felt he had a mission to bring the Good Word to the countryside.

WHEN YOU see a head hit it. On this pugilistic principle a new newspaper has raised its little head in Liverpool and created a positive vista of alarmed eyebrows and pounding hearts. The brainchild of six men, including an amateur magician, The Liverpool Free Press has had a no at virtually all the Merseyside establishment and more than a little blood has been spilt.

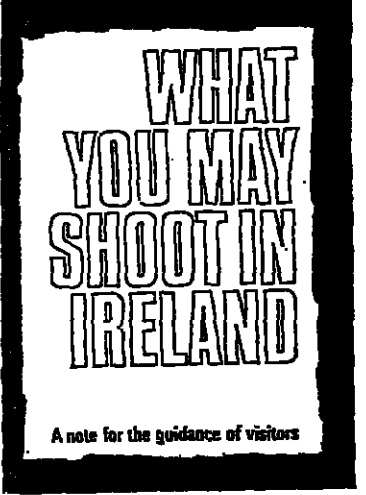
So far attacks have been levelled at the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, Liverpool airport authorities, the Lord Mayor and even the library for creating an amazing obstacle course just to get to the toilet. They have also managed to lift an unpublished 200-page document on a housing crisis and would have you believing there is an advertiser under every typewriter in the Liverpool Post and Echo.

One of the editors, a ginger and slightly balding Vincent Johnson, says that he has got finks all over the place including all departments of the council and the local Press. With this kind of information the paper is becoming a kind of Merseyside Private Eye and has established—after two issues—a circulation of around 4,000. "Everyone in the Liverpool Post and Echo is getting positively paranoid and trying to find who is leaking what to us," says Johnson.

And the reaction from the Liverpool Echo? Peals of Liverpoolian laughter. Vincent Kelly, the features editor, says that he has never seen anyone getting paranoid—though admitted he wouldn't recognise the symptoms if he did.

Farcing up to it

BRIAN RIX, who's been rolling them in the aisles at the Whitehall Theatre for two decades, has just brought a new-style, updated, even ruder British farce off the production line. It's written by Michael Pertwee, elder brother of Jon (TV's Dr Who), who's acclaimed as the best farce writer since Feydeau. Pertwee is a smooth and debonair 55 who says farce is not to be scoffed at. It's tricky and it makes you sweat. The main thing, he says, is that the plot should be realistic: people should identify with it. The plot of his new farce, Don't Just Lie There Say Something, has deep political undertones and carries a strong social message. It's about a former plumber turned cabinet minister (Brian Rix) who misses his own wedding, gets drunk, kidnapped and smuggled into an orgy at Plummer's Club (no ho). Later he disguises himself as a Bishop and takes his trousers off. Good authentic stuff, but the really tricky things are the double entendres, says Pertwee, and he's been honing his plumbing entendres up to perfect brightness. "I bought a text book on plumbing and it was full of dis-



Tactful pamphlet issued by the Irish Republic's Tourist Board.

gusting things like 'joint wiping' and 'lead flashing'." But it gave him some evergreen lines like: "My father's got a simply enormous plunger." He adds, "I don't look for cheap laughs. Farce should be rude, never dirty."

Pertwee says that life can be a bit of a farce: "I was in bed with a girl once. There was a knock on the door and her mother walked in. Traditionally, I suppose, I should have hidden under the covers but I jumped out of bed in the nude and hid in the corner. Her mother said sorry and left."

CATS GET frustrated and bored on holidays like the rest of us, so it is especially nice if they can get a decent and restful place to stay while the owner goes on holiday. They particularly like some birds or rabbits to look at and a good view of the countryside: or so says the editor of the Cat Lovers' Journal, Dorothy Silkstone. From her journal we present the top four places for cats to stay with descriptions provided by the catery owners.

Solitaire, Cattery, Sussex: "Chalets lined, insulated and painted with vinyl floors. Disposable beds, potties and dishes used. Favourite diet fed."

Briarfield, Cattery, Berks: "Toys, pot-grown grass, wild water birds to watch on lake." "Cats' Hotel, Devon: "Six fresh air runs. No entire Toms. Cats' own kitchen. Very quiet situation by the sea."

Woodlands, Herts: "Infra-red heating, pots of specially grown grass and scratching posts. Rabbits playing on the lawn for cats to watch in lovely woodland setting. No dogs. No entire Toms."

Other features: "human house furnishings," "nervous cats a specialty," "anti-sneeze barriers," "outside loo," "resident pet beautician," "menu à la carte" and, wonder of wonders, special toy spiders to play with— "always great fun."

WHEN ASKED in a divorce action what kind of cruel things her husband had been saying to her the wife replied: "Last year Harry asked me if I had anything to discuss with him before the football season began."

Michael Bateman is on holiday.

The lessons of Dutch elm disease

GARDENING/LANNING ROPER

REAT deal has been written in the past few weeks about the Dutch elm disease. It first diagnosed in Britain in 1959. Serious outbreaks began to be noticed in certain areas in 1968 and this summer it has spread with alarming rapidity over much of the country. It is the border, threatening the out vast quantities of beautiful native elm (Ulmus) as well as the ornamentals, such as the Cornish, Wych and esse elms, once thought to be or less immune.

fact, the outbreak this season is all too reminiscent of the situation in the United States and Canada which assumed such a scale that it became almost a national emergency, utilising every possible resource to stem the disaster and find a lasting solution. The disease bears the name because so much research has been done in Holland and not use it was the country of

the disease, carried by a beetle lays its eggs in the bark of the decaying wood of elms, is a fungus growth which grows the sap channels and cuts the life-line. The layman can

easily detect its presence, for a branch suddenly turns yellow, leaves shrivel, and, as the infection spreads, the rest of the tree yellows and expires.

Because the tips of vigorously growing twigs tend to droop as they die, Dutch elm disease can often be detected even in winter. In diseased branches a cross-section may disclose a brown ring caused by toxic substances formed by the fungus. Brown streaks may also be visible under the bark.

At present there is no effective prevention or cure. Millions of dollars have been spent in America on research programmes and many more on treatment of the trees. Both spraying programmes and injections have proved ineffective. So serious has the problem become that compulsory felling of elms, comparable to the slaughter of cattle infected with foot and mouth disease in this country, has been rigorously enforced in certain areas. The branches, stems and foliage are burned on a nearby

site, because it was found that wood, if not stripped of its bark, helped to spread the disease when taken to sawmills some miles away.

I said earlier there is no cure "at present" but American plant pathologists believe there are signs of a possible breakthrough in the next few years. What can the gardener do? At first signs of an outbreak, remove infected branches and cut down diseased saplings, burning all the wood. Don't keep logs for firewood unless stripped of all bark, as these harbour the beetles which continue to breed. If a large tree dies, have it felled, if necessary by competent tree surgeons. Expense will be considerable, but the end more than justifies it. The rapidity of both the spread of the disease and of the death of individual trees is alarming. This week I have seen trees that showed slight infection a few months ago, now virtually leafless and dead.

It pays to remove dead wood and snags of old branches from healthy trees and to grub out

sickly saplings, as these are subject to attack. Occasionally a vigorous tree with some infection will throw off the disease and appear healthy the following year. But this is unusual.

Another lesson to be learned from the present outbreak is the fallacy of planting too many of a single genera, or worse, of a single species, such as the English elm, as pests and disease can decimate all too easily an entire planting. In towns, roadside plantings, parks and gardens vary the amenity planting, not using more than a limited percentage of one kind.

The virtually total destruction of sweet chestnuts in the United States some decades ago and now the serious outbreaks of disease among both chestnuts and Italian cypresses in Italy, underline the urgency of this precept. In Britain we are fortunate to have the accumulation of the vast research into Dutch elm disease in America and Canada, as a halfway point rather than starting at the beginning.

For further information obtain the Forestry Commission's excellent illustrated leaflet, "Dutch Elm Disease", published by HMSO, priced 10p and obtain from their branches in major cities (10p by post).

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THE SUNDAY TIMES

Peace in Europe?

THE AGREEMENT on Berlin reached last week after 18 months of arduous haggling between the ambassadors of the Second World War Big Four Powers is a political phenomenon, presaging a genuine East-West thaw. Few would have envisaged it three years ago when Soviet and other Warsaw Pact forces were occupying Czechoslovakia under the horrified eyes of the NATO powers. To each of the Big Four as well as to each half of divided Germany, the new overall agreement seems to open doors to their various conflicting aims without involving unreasonable concessions. It just shows that sensible decisions can always be reached when strong political, strategic and economic interests happen to coincide.

In a few days the four governments should be signing the draft agreement, opening the way to the second stage towards a tension-free Berlin. Negotiations between the West and East Germans and between officials of West and East Berlin will put flesh on what is still a skeleton. This process is likely to take four months or more even if all goes well. The aim is to codify in as meticulous detail as possible the precise procedures for access of people and goods to West Berlin, itself 110 miles within East Germany. This, it must be remembered, is essentially what the talks have been about so far as the West was concerned, though the Soviet and East German governments' aim had been the political and legal separation of West Berlin from West Germany. Technical details of control now become enormously important, though the task of settling these should become relatively easy thanks to one of the most remarkable Communist concessions of the whole package.

This was the Soviet acceptance of specific responsibility for ensuring unimpeded access to West Berlin, and the East German consent to continuing Four-Power control over the whole city. Presumably the present East German leadership calculated the price was worth paying for the step towards complete international recognition for East Germany implicit in the draft agreement. The Communist side has extracted relatively smaller concessions from the West. A Soviet consul-general in West Berlin is supposed to symbolise the special separateness of West Berlin from West Germany.

The West's security needs do not seem to be imperilled by the agreement, and the Russians must feel that their general strategic position is helped by it. There can be little doubt that the American-Chinese rapprochement has played its part in speeding-up agreement. For the Kremlin, the Berlin deal is meant to open the door to several things which could stabilise the European status quo: ratification of the Moscow and Warsaw treaties of renunciation of force signed with West Germany, a European security conference which could in the end mean less military expenditure on her Western front, and the creation of a better climate for the talks on strategic arms limitation.

Still, it is not all in the bag yet. The astonishing attack by Pravda on Britain's Conservative Government is the kind of thing that could sour the talks between the two Germans, and East Germany may feel it necessary to strike tough attitudes to mask the derogation of sovereignty she has accepted. But the outlook is reasonably hopeful, and in fact the eventual Berlin settlement might well turn out to be the nearest thing, 26 years after the Second World War, to an international peace treaty we are likely to see. Millions of Europeans will be able to feel that their continent has come closer to normal civilised relationships than it has been for several decades.

Ulster in the House

MR WILSON'S STATEMENT on Ulster is ominous. It foreshadows a new division between the parties at Westminster. Will Ireland once again come to dominate the life of the British House of Commons? If so it will be regrettable—but perhaps unavoidable. Given the position into which the Government appears to have been driven, no Opposition leader could responsibly withhold criticism.

For the dangers of the Government's stance are becoming plainer and more alarming. The bombing of the Belfast electricity office was brutal and appalling. Other indiscriminate acts of terrorism by IRA fanatics are equally despicable. Everything must be done to catch these people. But along with this military and police task, the preventive and curative job remains to be done. Central to this second and enduring task is the need to reduce the unarticulated sympathy for terrorism which, among numbers of Ulster Catholics, has become a measure of their despair. Analyses of Ulster which define every problem there as stemming from the gunman, and every act of civil disobedience as caused by the gunman's intimidation, are unlikely to make much appeal to the oppressed minority in the province.

If the London Government is to retain the power to pacify Ulster and mediate among its citizens, it must have credibility. In suggesting that internment and its aftermath have reduced credibility, Mr Wilson was stating an obvious truth. Admittedly, Mr Maundling's problem is not quite the same as Mr Callaghan's was. The reforms imposed by Mr Callaghan reduce the number of reforms available to Mr Maundling as emblems of his impartiality. Passage of time has worsened the public order problem. But this only increases the obligation on Conservatives to show proof of their own even-handedness and to avoid putting themselves in a position where they can be identified with the Stormont regime. Until the Government shows greater sophistication, Labour will, unhappily, have no alternative but to reject bipartisanship.

Finance for Art

ATTACKING the Arts Council has become a more fashionable sport under the Conservative Government. Tory MPs who resent the breadth of the Council's activities were supplied with some particularly combustible material when the Comptroller and Auditor-General reported earlier this year that it appeared to be mismanaging its funds. The Comptroller implied that in its forward planning the Council was exceeding the financial limits imposed by the Treasury. An impression was left of cultural middle-men wildly spraying public money towards anyone who asked for it.

The Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons, in its latest report, has clarified and corrected the picture. It commends the Council for the "care and skill" of its administration. The Comptroller himself said in evidence that the impression drawn from his report was not one he had wished to convey. He was merely pointing out the confusion which exists between the Treasury's rules and the Council's obvious need to be able to assure finance for large capital projects for more than a year ahead. The Committee's valuable inquiry should now have stimulated the Treasury to produce a clearer and more realistic rubric.

THIS HAS BEEN an extraordinary week in the history of the English police. First we had a speech by Assistant Commissioner Mark. It was a bold and somewhat sweeping statement of liberal penology originally given at Barmshill Police College. But the sequel may well make us question whether it was wise to transform it into a public manifesto. Next, there was this mysterious interview featuring two senior officers at Scotland Yard, whose identity was originally so carefully guarded, that we might have been tempted in other circumstances to call in the Yard to track them down. Then there has been the terrible murder of a police superintendent, a crime which leaves us short of the words to express our abhorrence. And all the time there has been the almost obsessive chewing over of the problems of violence and of deterring violent criminals, in the papers, on radio and on television. Experts and thoughtful citizens have been pouring in from all sides with their statistics, their opinions and their advice.

Many different strands went to make up the outburst from the anonymous pundits at Scotland Yard. Let us try to disentangle some of them. To start with, there seems to be a web of factual misconceptions, misplaced nostalgia and wishful thinking. I do not believe that violent professional criminals are normally granted bail. Indeed, a major complaint of late has been that the courts too easily accept police requests for remands in custody and that the tasks of the prisons are thereby made even harder.

I do not believe that violent professional criminals get short sentences. Exemplary terms of imprisonment, almost unprecedented in the annals of British justice, have been imposed on men like the train robbers, like Richardson and the Krays. There are now over 400 convicts, quite apart from murderers, serving sentences of 10 years and over. I do not believe that violent professional criminals are benefiting from their suspended sentences. They were expressly excluded from the requirement that it should be used by magistrates' courts for non-violent offenders sentenced to prison for the first time. There are many who do not favour the suspended sentence in this country, and I am one of them, but I have never met anyone who opposed it on the ground that it would allow men of this kind to escape. I do not believe that violent professional criminals are being granted early parole, though, if the police go round repeating that they do, it is hardly surprising that criminals begin to believe it.

You cannot call prison a soft option when men are living three to a tiny cell, locked up together daily for half their waking, as well as all their sleeping, hours, with their pail of urine beside them. It is true that the most dangerous criminals of all may be kept in cells apart, but if their condition seems better than those of short term prisoners, it is because they are going to be compelled to live in them for much of the rest of their lives. There is no week-end leave for them, the prisons are patrolled by warders with dogs, any visitor has to submit to checks and

TO TOUR or not to tour is a question which has persistently plunged cricket into dilemmas as deep as that which faced the Prince of Denmark. And just as Hamlet's half-hearted answers spread confusion and destruction all around so do those which emanate from Lord's. Nothing good can come of the Cricket Council's firm decision to cancel the tour to India this winter.

For cricket, August is the month of madness, not March. It is the month when decisions about the winter can be delayed in committee no longer. August is also traditionally the month of the Oval Test match and events on that homely, gas-holder-guarded field of the Duchy of Lancaster seem to unhinge the minds and destroy the imagination of the game's decision-makers.

It was there that Basil d'Oliveira, the immigrant coloured from the Cape of Good Hope, helped to win a vital Test against Australia, thus saving a series which would otherwise have been won by a sub-standard Australian team. That night the Test selectors, reacting like Pavlovian dogs to the call of the committee room, leapt precipitately into the solemn conclave and decided to drop d'Oliveira for cricket reasons "from the team to tour South Africa."

That decision, accepted by only a few people whose imagination stretches no further than the length of a 22-yard cricket pitch, was utterly rejected by millions deeply affected by the apparent injustice done to a man whom they had taken to their hearts, seemingly because his colour was inconvenient. As a result, South Africa, home of the world's best cricketers (most of them taught by Englishmen incidentally) has been drummed out of the international game by the anti-apartheid movement.

Worse still, the game itself has suffered and not only in

THE POLICE

Is the get-tough school right?

LEON RADZINOWICZ

Wolfson Professor of Criminology at Cambridge

identification—and after a year or so there may well be no one who bothers to visit at all.

There is really no need to invent hardship; the precautions we have to take to protect ourselves against this kind of offender ensure that there will always be plenty. Besides, the level of existence we impose on our prisoners must depend in part on our standard of living outside. I would agree that in many respects prison standards could be lower. But if we go too far in that direction we brutalise the prisoners. And what sort of people do we expect to find to take on the work of prison staff at that level?

The Scotland Yard officers suggest that if we fail to take sterner measures London would soon have violent crime

on the same scale as New York or Washington. But New York and Washington have had sterner measures for many years. All the time their crime has been building up they have been dishing out prison sentences of 20 or 30 years or more—sometimes amounting grotesquely to consecutive terms totalling more than a lifetime. It has certainly not deterred their professionals. Crime is organised there on a scale undreamed of here. And it has certainly not protected either their police or their civilians from violence.

To blame the criminal law, the courts, the prisons, the do-gooders, for failing to stem the tide of criminal violence, is like blaming Camille for failing to do what he could not do. It is

to misunderstand the role of the penal system. Violence is rising all over the world, even under the oppressive regimes. The penal system may be able to rehabilitate some, but it cannot get at the currents of crime deep in society.

Crimes like burglary and robbery have been outstripping all others in the speed of their increase, not only here, but also on the Continent and in the United States. It is true that England has shown a sharper recent increase in homicides than some of her new European neighbours, but France and Germany run her close. And it must not be forgotten that England is still among the most peaceful and civilised countries in the world.



There's a nasty smell in the close tonight

ROBIN MARLAR

South Africa. It has been associated with pomposity, rigidity and injustice: even with colour prejudice from which it is, per contra, freer than almost any other human activity. Such characteristics do not win votes, especially among the young. Cricket has gone down hill fast since the d'Oliveira affair. There were more Indians than Englishmen at this year's Oval Test.

India's victory in that game, a result unthinkable at the start of the series, gave cricket an opportunity to improve its public image. Alas, instead of taking time to wait and see how much the victory meant in India, the Cricket Council adhered to their planned meeting, the last messages between Lord's and the Foreign Office being transmitted before the Test was over. They rushed to confirm the decision they tentatively reached a month ago, with tacit agreement from the Pakistanis and Sinhalese but not the Indians, to cancel a tour established as a fixture as long ago as 1966.

To the Indians celebrating their English victory in Delhi, Bombay and Madras, even in Calcutta if the monsoon has let up, the Cricket Council's decision proves that Englishmen cannot take a beating. The niceties of the situation will pass them by. For years, they will say, you have taught us the virtues of cricket: keeping faith, obeying the umpire's decision, accepting defeat graciously. And now you have let us down. "I am very disappointed," said Colonel Adhi-kari, the manager of the Indian team, as he slammed the door on the Press. I know how he felt.

Long discussions with officials at Lord's, who to their immense credit remain polite, patient and stoical under attack, has convinced me that there was no Foreign Office pressure and that the tour was cancelled for "cricket reasons". "Cricket reasons" are

becoming identifiable with imbecility. Furthermore, I understand that the mutterings among senior England cricketers, who ought to know better, that they would not suffer the discomfort of an Indian Tour, cut no ice at Lord's. For that we should be grateful. In this respect cricketers who are paid for playing have to do as they are told.

No, the official point of view, and it needs recognising, is that the best arrangement will be to postpone the complete tour of the three countries to conform with a policy laid down some years ago—that cricket tours by English players should happen two winters in every three, leaving the third one fallow. But this is a policy more honoured in the breach than in the observance in today's world. Flexibility of mind and dramatic changes in attitude are the hallmarks of both leadership and administration in the modern world. If President Nixon can flip over to Peking, England's cricketers

Obviously there is more than misconceptions behind the Scotland Yard manifesto. It reflects very genuine pressures stemming from the rise in crime; anxiety about the low rate of detection, the delays in bringing cases to trial, the difficulties of securing convictions against experienced professional criminals who know the ropes.

It is hardly just, however, to imply that Parliament or the Home Office or the courts have been unconcerned about these things. The police have been strengthened, better equipped, better organised. Some of their recent successes bear witness to that. The procedures for bringing suspects to trial have been streamlined and the creaking machinery of the higher courts has at last been made over and extended to correspond with modern realities. The time lag in trials is being reduced. The ancient rule requiring a unanimous verdict from a jury has been set aside. Defendants have been required to give notice of alibi.

Indeed, perhaps the greatest remaining weakness in our defences lies in the sphere of the police themselves. Must we take it for granted that, year after year, six or seven out of ten burglars and robbers should go undetected? What ever the deterrent value of conviction and punishment, it is more than halved by the help of escaping scot free. For there are few offenders who do not expect to be among the lucky 70 per cent. Is it not high time we launched an intensive inquiry about how far, and in what specific ways, the detective efficiency of the police could be still further improved?

Above all, there is an absurdity about generalising from the intractable difficulties of dealing with the hard core of violent professional offenders to the system of dealing with all kinds of offenders. After all, violent offences account for less than five per cent of all crimes, and of these only a small segment is the work of professional criminals. The real thrust of reforms over the past few years has been towards discrimination, and discrimination has a double purpose: to give every chance of rehabilitation to those who are likely to respond, and to allow police, courts, prisons, to concentrate their resources far more precisely and powerfully upon the really dangerous.

The discretion to grant or refuse bail, probation, suspended sentence, parole and to allocate prisoners to a whole range of institutions, from the open prisons from which they may soon be released to the maximum security institution where they may have to remain until they die, is designed to make such discrimination possible. To base our whole system—from judges rules to prison conditions—on the needs of the dangerous few would be as retrograde as to lock up all the mentally ill because there are still a few who need that kind of restraint. It could only lead to penal escalation.

That has already happened in some parts of the world and the results are not encouraging. It usually has a brutalising effect upon society. When it happens, the system of criminal justice, instead of being a unifying force, can split society down the middle.

can make a quick trip to India. That's what our exporters have to do, at the drop of a hat.

Ironically, cricket used to be run this way. India's first visit to England was in 1932, the year a Yorkshire baby christened Raymond Illingworth first saw the light of day. The year before, New Zealand had come. They were due to play one Test but they did so well they were given two extra Tests. In 1932 India did not do well enough to deserve that mark of honour. On that practical logic, had England won at The Oval last week the decision to cancel might have been defensible.

Perhaps the basic trouble with cricket, as with so many of our activities, is that we are bogged down in what we rightly, or more often wrongly, conceive to be "the form". Every decision has to be ground out in a ritual of committee where secretaries scurry with agendas and chairmen insist that every last voice is heard, and expert witnesses consider every implication. And still we come up with camels instead of horses.

What cricket needs, and soccer, too, judging by the current rows about refereeing, is a massive redundancy among officials and committees. Let them be replaced by men of imagination and experience who will stand and fall by the excellence and flexibility of their decisions. Let them serve briefly, but positively. It was an act of folly to hold the Cricket Council meeting so soon after the Test match, bearing in mind the d'Oliveira affair. It was an act of convenience to confirm rather than reject the Council's earlier tentative decision.

Indian cricket, bubbling now, may go off the boil and the game, which is important, will suffer. More important still, India the country and Indians the people lost on Thursday some of the respect they had for us on Tuesday. This is what decisions taken for cricket reasons" bring to pass.

Hoist the Flag

ROBERT YOAKUM

MY FRIEND Bill professional politician who launched the "President" came elated at the new candidate's life seen reduced to two "It may be a little humanity, but it's toward the White exulted Bill when him at campaign he "I predict that Calley the Presidency by vote margin in his

Back in April, I was convicted of the tated murder of at least two unarmed and Vietnamese — men, women and Bill spotted Calley, Presidential candida is a hero of the Right me at the time, "I was just doing his duty, and a hero o because he was a ac the militaristic syste immoral war."

The massive p leftists and rightist lowed Calley's conv evidence to Bill that the only man in Ar could rally support young and old, veter and peace pickets, and hippies.

"Calley will be e parole in six years months," I said, "means he can't run election of 1980. We have forgotten him!

"Who could forge injustice to a nice Rusty?" asked Bill, ley's nickname. "Any be out sooner than I forget that the sen be further reduced Army Court of Militar or the Court of Appeals, or by Presid as Commander in Ch

"You think the might act?"

"Well," said Bill, I his cigar confidently, it this way. He's 'expressed spial for the defendat,' as York Times put it I day. Then he aid I personally revie t That was a bigboos You'd have to b an stupid review offer t the Commander-i-Chu ing over your lead

"So you think last out in time to ruin

"No doubt about I were Nixon would pu an opportunity liked

"What opportunity

Bill had the patiet teacher dealing wit pupil: "Who would perfect running n Calley in 1976?"

"How about Richa He killed eight nurses."

Bill looked injured correct answer is N course."

"But Nixon can't r in 1976!"

"You'd better re 22nd Amendment," I "It says that a man been president for tw can't run again for dency, but it doesn't can't run for th presidency."

I looked at Bill in ment. "You mean

"Exactly. Nixon alw he wanted to bring A together again. Here's chance—but as vice-pr And there are other ad for him: Calley besides household word, is fr South, so the geog balance is perfect. I main advantage is the has more support i country than anyone e American Legion and V of Foreign Wars alo worth four million vote

"You'll probabl 'What's in it for Rusty answer is that he woul first-class campaigner. Known name, and an ended vice-president. I think I'll have any trou ing him on the Preside running-mate."

I began to feel dizzy ably from Bill's cigar and the thought of wh had in store for our ns said I'd like to ask one question before I left.

"Wouldn't it be dem for the Commander-in-Ch run as a vice-pres candidate with a mere 1 ant?"

"You're really slow Bobby boy," he replied, ing tolerantly. "Who ap generals?"

"The Commander-in-C

"Right. So our ticket General Calley aid Pre Nixon. Run that one up th pole and see how many A cans salute on election d



Jubilation at the Oval: prelude to madness



Hugo Parsons, of Channel Airways, with his problem planes. During the hectic weekend, two Comets were grounded and last week the other three were being made ready for this weekend's rush.

THE FORMULA FOR A HOLIDAY CHAOS



Weary would-be holidaymakers await departure

THE EARLY HOURS OF the holiday season reached its climax with more than 100,000 due to return from the Continent or set out on late holidays. The small independent airlines which operate a substantial proportion of the charter flights and the ill-equipped "holiday airports" are already stretched to bursting after a long, hard summer at peak capacity. Will they be able to cope with the season's last great flood of passengers?

For a foretaste, TONY DAWES, Sunday Times air correspondent, spent an entire weekend in the passenger lounges and the operations and traffic rooms at Stansted Airport, Essex. He reports a chaotic situation and analyses the reasons for it.

passengers reached Air House, headquarters of Channel Airways, and sat down in the airline's canteen. They were about to start their first course of tinned fruit when an official arrived and told them they had to get straight back to the lounge. They found the lounge empty, but a coach to take them on a three-hour journey.

aircraft was now available for them but it couldn't be used because of fog and had been diverted to East Midlands Airport, 100 miles away. One holiday in Spain not a very round trip of it.

most went quietly, but hungrily. They could not see the fog and accepted the delay for delay. What did not realise was that would in any case have no aircraft to take them at the right time. The fog had a convenient extra effect—passengers tend to get used to technical difficulties, airlines naturally prefer to the emphasis on the problem. The problem, however, was more deeply rooted.

THIS BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND, the package-tour season reaches its climax with more than 100,000 due to return from the Continent or set out on late holidays. The small independent airlines which operate a substantial proportion of the charter flights and the ill-equipped "holiday airports" are already stretched to bursting after a long, hard summer at peak capacity. Will they be able to cope with the season's last great flood of passengers?

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The check-in counter besieged by worried travellers

their early morning flights from there to Basle. Ramon Rigg, the Lyons Tours representative, argues fiercely: "I'm not going to have my party split after all they've been through. You can find somebody else to send to Manchester; split someone else's party."

The airline staff appeared to back down. But 20 minutes later, eight people are called to the immigration desk. There's no room on the plane, they are told, and would they mind taking a taxi to Manchester. It will only take four hours and what with the fog in Stansted, they would probably reach Basle before the rest of the party. The group reluctantly accepts. Outside, the taxi driver says the journey will take six hours.

Soon afterwards—it's now past midnight—the remaining 94 are told a coach will take them to the nearest open airport, Castle Donington, the East Midlands airport, where they will board the Caravelle. It proves the last straw for John Hill. "You can take your coach to Castle Donington, but you won't take me—I'm cancelling my holiday. Get my bags off the coach."

The Channel Airways public relations officer comes forward and tries to calm him, and the Lyons Tours night-time rep. tells Mr Hill he'll be lucky to get any compensation if he cancels his holiday at this stage. A traffic officer adds a soothing word, and persuades him to take the coach.

The drive to Castle Donington takes longer than expected and it's nearly 6 a.m. before the jet takes off. The party reach Basle 15 hours late, having effectively lost a day of their holiday and night's sleep. Half the party face a seven-hour coach journey to their hotels in the Alps.

thinly-sliced gammon steak at The Barn restaurant, Braine, and they are given firm assurances that a jet is being prepared for them at the airport. One of the passengers, Mrs Josephine Wilkinson, says on her return: "It was all right, but we expected to be on holiday in Spain, not riding around in a coach."

Their arrival back at Stansted coincides with a new crisis for Channel Airways. Delta India's engine tests have proved unsuccessful and she is now back in the hangar. And another Comet, call-sign Mike Bravo, which has been having some flap trouble all weekend, has just been declared "unserviceable."

It is enough to reduce the airline's tough Welsh traffic officer to the brink of tears. And the crews are also upset. The chief flight engineer says: "When they have to report an aircraft unserviceable, they come in with faces 50ft long. They know the passengers have been waiting out there for hours and they know nothing can be done for them."

THE PROBLEMS at Stansted are not restricted to Channel Airways. Alongside the ailing Mike Bravo is a Lloyd International Airways Boeing 707 with bits of one engine sputtering about the tarmac. A compressor must be changed and the passengers for New York face several hours' delay.

But this particular weekend Channel is the airline in deepest trouble and its snow-balling delays are now leaving hundreds of fretting passengers not only at Stansted but at airports across Europe.

The worst situation—it can be worked out from the operations board—has developed in flights to and from Girona. There are now 373 passengers piled up at Stansted waiting to fly there on four separate flights. But the position is even more disastrous at Girona itself.

A hundred people are boarding their aircraft there after seven-hour delays. Another 101 have already been there an hour waiting for the same aircraft to get back and take them to Birmingham. Two parties, one of 107 and the other of 96, have both been waiting four hours to fly to Stansted. The delay has now reached six hours for a group of 111 flying to Newcastle. A group of 110 is expected to depart on the same aircraft. Six hundred passengers, all waiting for one airline at one remote airport.

At this time, 7 o'clock on Sunday night, the only Channel Airways plane still operating on schedule is the Trident, flying Germans out of Berlin for a German tour operator.

THE STANSTED AIRPORT authorities, who have grown pretty used to piled-up passengers, have built a temporary extension on the back of the airport building which provides enough seating for most of the waiting travellers. However, the airport's other facilities are proving woefully inadequate.

After the Martin Rooks passengers return from their jaunt around the Essex countryside to yet another long wait, Mrs Wilkinson lists some of the common complaints: "It took us half an hour to queue to get a drink, and even then they didn't have any time or any whisky. The slice of ham in the sandwiches was so thin I don't know why they bothered. And the ladies' toilets don't have any towels or toilet rolls in them."

By 9 pm Mrs Wilkinson is furious. Channel Airways have at last found another aircraft to take the 96 passengers to Girona—but from Gatwick, 60 miles away on the other side of London. Mrs Wilkinson says: "I live half an hour's drive away from Gatwick. Now, after driving up here this morning and messing around all day, I'm being told to go back there. I think we should refuse to move. Why can't they bring the aeroplane here if they've got one for us?"

The coach waits while the passengers argue. Finally they all climb aboard and the coach reaches Gatwick late. BEA Air Tours, who are now taking the party, are furious at being caught up in Channel's delays

and an angry signal is flashed to Stansted. The holiday-makers reach Girona in the middle of the night, instead of the middle of the day as they expected. Their 12-day holiday has become an 11-day one.

Two other airlines agree to take delayed passengers and by 3 am on Monday the departure lounge at Stansted is empty for the first time. The respite is brief, for passengers are just arriving for Malta and Palma and face delays of at least four hours.

Why little is done for the passenger

DELAYED PASSENGERS have little redress. Lyons Tours guarantee free meals and accommodation if unreasonable delays occur. Technically you could spend your holiday in the airport hotel because of delays and not have any comeback against the operator. Holiday insurance does not cover a personal decision to cancel your holiday because you cannot stand the delays. And in the present situation it would seem impossible to insure against delays.

Official bodies, like the Tour Operators' Study Group, try to explain away the delays. Harry Chandler, the chairman, says: "Fog in August really shakes you. Another thing which adds to delays is French air traffic control, which regularly works to rule and will only accept a limited number of aircraft. But we must admit that another reason is the maximum utilisation of aircraft by the airlines, which means that if one delay occurs, it cannot be recovered."

Channel Airways suffered from all three problems last weekend, but the major factor was undoubtedly technical faults. Captain Hugo Parsons, the managing director, says: "We have been very unlucky this year. We had nine or ten spare engines for the Comets at the start of the season. They should have been enough for two seasons let alone one, but we've had a whole series of engine failures and you cannot always budget for difficulties on this scale."

But Channel Airways should surely have arranged extra spares to avoid the position in which they found themselves with only one spare for the 20 engines in their Comets. If the airline was economising on its stock of spares it was surely a false economy—the bills for last weekend alone included almost £12,000 for the six aircraft they sub-chartered just the cost of meals for passengers, taxis, overtime and other extras.

Many directors in the travel business believe that the airlines must get sufficient extra money to afford to hold aircraft in reserve to deal with inevitable hitches. If the airlines are to afford this reserve, the cost of package tours must go up by at least £5 on the average holiday.

In fact, Channel Airways did have a spare aircraft last weekend—but it is missing one of its engines. Since Rolls-Royce's bankruptcy in February, the company is unable to offer its normal credit facilities, and has refused to let Channel have another Spay engine until the airline's current debts are settled. So Channel's second Trident aircraft, the most modern in its fleet, has spent the summer in the hangar.

Meanwhile, the tour operators resolutely refuse to increase prices, and next year's brochures show them remaining at the same low levels they have maintained for ten years—during which time airline costs have risen dramatically. They fear that any increase in price would halt the steady expansion of the market.

If the charter airlines jointly refused to make contracts with the tour operators until they got higher charter rates, the stranglehold might be broken. But such concerted effort seems impossible in the present fiercely competitive state of the charter business.

One senior figure in the industry believes it will take the collapse of more tour operators to change the situation. Only when competition from small operators has died away will the major companies feel confident enough to raise their prices.

The Government seems reluctant to intervene on behalf of the passengers. During the committee stage of the Bill setting up the Civil Aviation Authority this summer, efforts were made to create a "consumer protection" group in the new Authority. But they failed and the Authority's responsibilities remain vague.

As for the passengers themselves, the only way out seems to be to follow the example of Mr and Mrs Arthur Edmundson of Colne, Lancashire. In all the chaos at Stansted last weekend, they were the only two people who cancelled their holiday.

As he left the airport, Mr Edmundson said: "We'll have a relaxed day home, with a nice meal on the way. And then we'll spend a few days in Blackpool."

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Why stoic John Hill lost his temper

ON SATURDAY, JOHN HILL arrives with his wife and grown up son in good time for the Channel Airways charter flight to Basle at 2.45 p.m. Between them they have paid £150 for a 15-day holiday in the Alps with Lyons Tours, and are glad to be leaving the mountain sunshine of Switzerland. Their enthusiasm and high spirits do not last long.

At the check-in desk they learn that their flight is delayed. A notice chalked on a blackboard gives the reason as "adverse weather conditions", though the fog has now lifted. As the afternoon drags on in the crowded airport building, Mr Hill grows increasingly puzzled and questions the airline staff. Surely they must have caught up with the weather delays, or at least have found another aircraft to take them?

In his fifties, with greying hair and moustache, Mr Hill is a typical unrelentingly Englishman. But at 8 o'clock in the evening, his stoic spirit starts to crack. Fog is again threatening to close the airport. And Mr Hill's annoyance and astonishment increases when he discovers that a new batch of 118 Minorca-bound holidaymakers now crowding into the departure lounge are scheduled to take the same aircraft as he—but after it has flown to Basle and returned to Stansted to pick them up.

Angry John Hill approaches the Channel Airways traffic officer: "Just what's going on? You've had all afternoon to get us on an aircraft, but we've been told nothing and now you say you are closing the airport. Nobody seems to care about us—you're all sitting on your backsides, leaving us to stew."

IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM, they are in fact far from "sitting on their backsides." Desperate telephone and telex calls are being made in attempts to sub-charter another aircraft. In the end, the best that can be done is to get a Caravelle jet from Transavia the Dutch charter airline. It's not a complete answer: the Caravelle takes only 84 passengers, and 102 are booked on the Basle flight.

Channel Airways decide that eight will have to go to Manchester to catch one of

their early morning flights from there to Basle. Ramon Rigg, the Lyons Tours representative, argues fiercely: "I'm not going to have my party split after all they've been through. You can find somebody else to send to Manchester; split someone else's party."

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IRONICALLY, THE 118 passengers for Minorca who were due to catch the Basle aircraft on its return, leave two hours before the Caravelle. The fog lifts suddenly at Stansted at 2.45 p.m., and Channel Airways put the Minorca passengers on the first aircraft to land.

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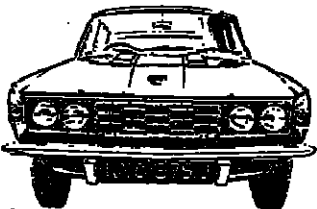
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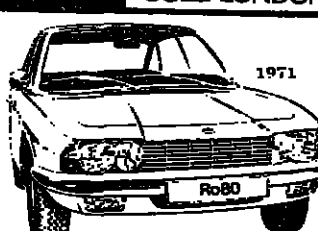
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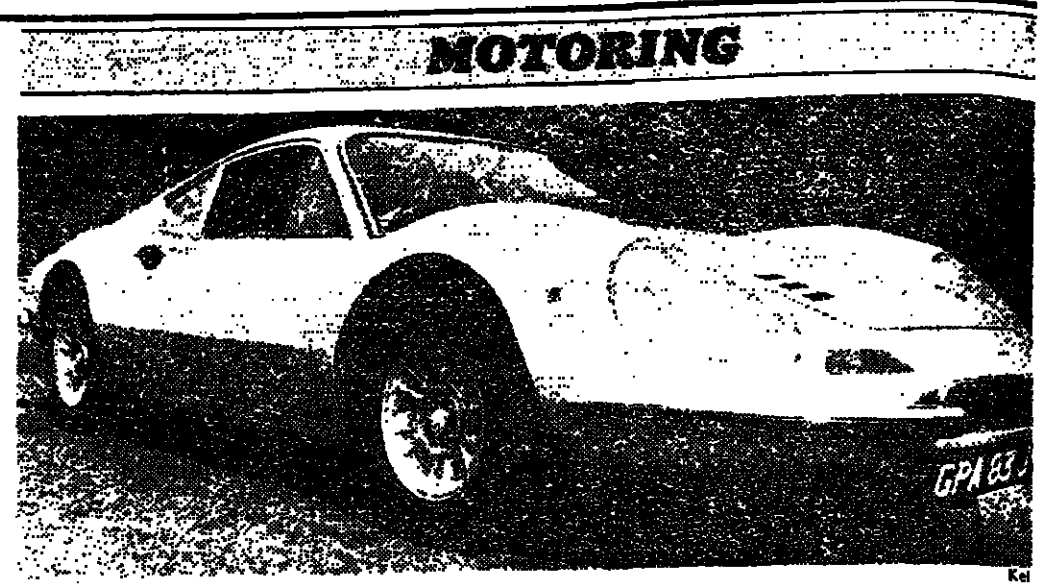
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SPORT

Hurrah, personality lives

GARY SOBERS, who lost to India in the West Indies, forecast their win over England. He backed Vishwanath to make a better impression than Gavaskar, and marvelled that India was strong enough in spin to leave out Prasanna. "I still think he's the best of them all."

The Indians and the Pakistanis, what a difference in balance! Pakistan could be guaranteed to put up a performance in any conditions. They had adequate pace bowling, good leg spinners and some exciting new batsmen. Taken overall they put up a more uniform—even commanding—performance in the Test matches.

But Pakistan and India won. In all probability the Indians would, as Raymond Illingworth has said, have been blown to pieces by our fast bowlers on fast wickets, even though they were both braver and more competitive than the Tests of 1952 and 1959.

The England eleven, Illingworth's record of 26 Tests without defeat, deserves praise. This summer he has had only intermittent help from his two leading personalities: Boycott and Snow. We need both and neither is ever going to be easy to handle.

For the rest the summer has been mainly sad. Luckhurst and the captain himself are the only established cricketers to emerge enhanced. Of the newcomers let us thank Sir Leonard Repton, Cambridge University and Yorkshire for Richard Hutton. Amis and Fletcher have gone for good. Fletcher's nought and one at the Oval was inexcusable.

THE POSITION in the County Championship holds down to this. Warwickshire, with a ten-point lead already in the bag before yesterday's game started, should be all right for their first championship for 20 years. The ones they have to watch are Surrey, who, though 23 points behind, and in fourth place, have two games in hand, Lancashire and Kent, we can reckon, are out of it, except statistically.

What might make this kind of calculation ridiculous, however, is one of the most irritating aspects of cricket, especially at this time of the year, is the weather. It could happen that any one of the contending teams, or all of them, could have the rest of the season washed out by rain.

...It's a bit hard, if you've got the bowlers and the batsmen and the team spirit, to spend your

Robin Marlar's thoughts on the cricket season and the longer game's future

from a player with a reputation for coping with spin bowling.

Of the bowlers Lever and Price have done as well as anyone had a right to expect. Oliveira may soon have to be put out to graze like a favourite horse.

SPECIAL MENTION: Alan Knott is a cricketer about whom I have had reservations since seeing a poor performance behind the wicket on a turning pitch at Blackheath. This summer he had two Test matches. His recovery of form, the excellence of his batting and his example as a man to whom physical fitness matters establishes him as personality of the season.

THE RISING generation notable by its absence. Study the scores and the one outstanding unrecognised performance comes from Tony Greig a South African-trained product. Virgin deserves a crack. Whitehouse, with a return to the Test, and Hampshire, are two young batsmen to blood. Michael Buss could be a Test all-rounder. East of Essex, and Waller, of Surrey, are the two left-arm spinners of the future. Pocock, Surrey's off-spinner, needs a tour abroad. Of fast bowlers there is no sign.

WICKETS: The cricketers say they are getting stouter. We critics tend to disbelieve the players, muttering "Excesses, excesses." This week Gary Sobers said something significant. "I haven't played on a fast wicket all season." Years ago one usually met some good with the bat. If the players are right, how can groundsman help? One good development: more wickets have taken spin

which has helped improve the variety of the game.

NEW LAWS. Percy Davis, affectionately known as Sparrow for as long as any of us can remember; bald, neat, a village man, loves and lives for cricket, coaches in South Africa in the winter, at Harrow school in the summer, at Northampton when he visits his old county, and indeed wherever he happens to be.

"I don't like the new leg-before laws. The first-class players are all swinging across the line knowing they can't be out. Boys will copy them but you have to learn to play straight first. And then there's the front foot no-ball. As soon as a boy who looks as if he can bowl a bit quick begins to grow tall he runs into front-foot trouble. Very often that's the end of him." Concur, concur.

THE FUTURE: The Gillette Cup; rosier and rosier. For the John Player Sunday League; steady progress with larger crowds both of the games and in front of the television. Is cricket getting a big enough fee from TV? For the championship, and indeed for the future Tests; outlook unsettled—and that is desperate. I hope both survive. They may still with impeccable public relations.

IN GENERAL: Cricket is still capable of being the best of all games, needing skill and courage, holding as its special gift the priceless twin opportunity of being a member of a team and for the exercise of precious individual personality. Ajib Wadekar would agree with that. And the cricketers are as pleasant a gang as you are likely to find in this world. That can't be bad.

lost the toss, but had taken three wickets for 53 before the rain started soon after lunch. Healey, while defending well against Sullivan and Shuttlesworth, picked out nine balls to hit for four, and was 39 not out when play stopped.

Kent, badly in need of batting bonus points to sustain their outside chances, catching the leaders, went after the Hampshire bowlers at Canterbury. Luckhurst and Nicholls put on 82 before Nicholls played over a ball from Cottam. Luckhurst, first with Denness and then with Ealham, kept up the hitting, and the score was 249 before Luckhurst was out, six runs short of his century.

At Lord's, Middlesex lost their first wicket to Sussex with only six runs scored—a diving catch by Parks—but after that Parfitt, helped by Radley, batted with great confidence and reached his hundred by tea-time.

For Essex against Nottinghamshire at Chelmsford, Francis added another to his sequence of fifties this season, to get his side out of a nasty-looking situation after they had lost two wickets in ten overs. Fletcher, who has been having a bad run, decided to hit his way into form, and was 97 when Taylor got his wicket.

Outside the County Championship, at Taunton, where Somerset played the Indian touring side, the best thing of the day was the bowling of Tom Cartwright, who took all five wickets that fell before tea.

The first four went quickly, after the opening pair had put on 57 in 55 minutes. Then Cartwright, clean-bowling Cartwright, Wadekar and Sardesai, and had Jayatilal caught at slip—only 31 balls.

Terry Delaney

Rooke holds the key in Surrey title bid

has been caught behind the wicket by the wicket-keeper that is, not including other catchers in that region. It seems to point wrongly to technique rather than to temporary loss of form.

Also worrying was the fact that Stewart, in spending all morning in gathering 31, never seemed to improve. And the fact that his strokes remained the thick edge. But Roope's innings showed in spirit and in fact. So far, his previous innings at the Oval have left an impression that they could have been a little more warm and friendly. It was the ninth time in 38 innings this summer that Edrich

bat as if he knew exactly the pace of the wicket and the movement, or lack of movement, of the ball. It gave weight to a batting average of 80 in his last ten innings and to the fact that he had scored 100 that was his for the abortive tour of India.

Rooke took a three and two fours in his opening scoring strokes in the course of six balls in the first of these, against Old, the bat was pushed so positively into the line that he hit it at a certain angle for four to the side screen. The next was hammered down the same line, just to the on side of the bowler, and proceeded down an alley almost into the Vauxhall car park. Boycott retrieved.

Very many of Roope's subsequent scoring shots were strong, and he struck solidly, calmly, and above all with confidence. Juicy—an old-fashioned word—more than once came to mind. Another great stroke was one which he whisked away to the square leg fence.

Yorkshire's best bowler in the morning was Old, who, if not otherwise, maintained considerable accuracy. They were without Cope, who was on the M1 at the time. He arrived and loosened up during the lunch interval and came out to bowl the first over afterwards, a maiden. Cope went on to bowl six overs for only five runs, Bore was out for 11, and although Stewart began to play his first good-looking shots the batsmen were kept in check.

After a partnership realising 130 an evidently frustrated Stewart missed—not by any means for the first time—and was caught at mid off.

Norman Harris

RUGBY UNION

Dedication and the man they all want to meet

CARWYN JAMES, the dedicated Welshman whose name has become household word wherever rugby is played, has never been content to seek fame. It has been thrust upon him through the British Lions' historic triumph in the New Zealand Test series.

As a result he is the man that everyone wants to meet, the man whose words and actions are taken alike have come to accept as gospel. His ability as a coach is beyond question and it is a happy coincidence that he is also a very rare talent as a communicator.

On Thursday he was guest of honour at the Leinster branch's Money coaching course, and addressed an audience of more than 600 players, coaches, and assorted schoolboys. He spoke of the importance of the coach, and the importance of the player, and the importance of the team.

Hipwell and McLoughlin, who came home early after being injured have lost none of their enthusiasm and they kicked a thumb, will be playing

again in a couple of weeks while Hipwell is aiming at a November operation.

Lynch, uncapped at the start of last season but now a mature world traveller, having visited Argentina in the summer, and then married next month and also plans to resume some time in November. James' players have the greatest possible regard for his contribution to the team, and it was interesting to hear him say: "If I had been offered the pick of the backs in New Zealand, Australia, France and South Africa before the fourth Test I would not have made a single change in the three-quarters we used."

James had high praise for the standard of scrum-half play in New Zealand, "90 per cent of the ones we met were of Test quality," but was critical of the tendency he saw at all levels to "kick good possession away, albeit to put the ball in front of the forwards so that they could ruck and move it again, often to the narrow side."

He had no complaints about the standard of refereeing in the Tests but, in general terms, commented: "New Zealand referees would have a far better standing, and better control, too, if more people were sent to the showers."

Even after what happened on tour he is still not convinced that there is what could be called a "typical" British pattern of play. His ideal would combine the forward power of the Welsh, the quick chain-passing of the great Australian halves, Catepole and Hawthorne, backed by a fast back who could come up as a forceful attacking weapon.

James is the first to admit that New Zealand rugby is in a transition period, but he feels that they have not made sufficient adaptations to their traditional pattern to keep pace with the most recent changes in the law.

"We found that it was possible to work out plays to counter their game and we went out knowing that we had the speed and strength he will fit in well into the League game."

you go to play in a country where the concept is physical, where force is the main thing, and a side needs an abundance of guts.

"Willie John McBride's great phrase was 'it's all history'. We were told that we were only as good as our last match and as far as the New Zealanders were concerned it didn't matter how long it had been since we last played. They were always judging us on our next game."

The line-out laws are such that there had to be compression, the tightening up of all the gaps so that no one came through. We worked on the principle of getting our retaliation in first every ball had to be contested as forcefully as possible.

James concluded with a word of warning. "Our game has undoubtedly improved but there is still a hell of a lot of work to be done. We'll have to be very strong when they come here in 1972-73, and we'll have to be at our very best to beat them."

John Woodward

Gibson gives lesson

a Harlequins team that led 53 at the interval. The match could have been even closer, for one of the three Gala tries came as a result of a pass that was seen to be forward by everyone but the referee.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS, amateurs in this Rugby League game, are never an easy proposition at home. Two wins against the Australians in the first two Tests, and the fact that they lack the experience of really top quality football and usually by the time they have won this experience in defeat all is lost. The World Cup series of last season is an excellent example of this.

But, at least, this time, they have the chance of buying their experience at club level with six club games before they take on Great Britain in the first Test.

The tourists open with a game on Saturday against Rochdale Hornets, a team well-coached and led by Frank Myler the last tour and World Cup captain. After that, they play the champions, St Helens, the Yorkshire Cup-winners, Hull KR, Widnes and Castleford, finalists in the County Cup competition and Warrington, the team with the new image and spirit under the superb Alf Murphy.

That is a fine pre-Test programme, an abrasive which should sharpen the soft spots and put the Kiwis in good shape. Tour manager Jack Williams

admitted on arrival in London: "We expect to be against the Tests. If the New Zealanders win one of the three Tests and we lose more than half the club games they will have done as well as expected."

THE FIRST month of the season and the first meeting of the disciplinary committee have passed without any undue alarms from the crime calendar. But Wigan, although not suspended, could have played in their charity game but it would not have counted as Wigan's charity game was sent off, and that game was official enough to get him a two-match suspension.

Young Cunningham, a first time offender, lost the chance of his first medal in the Lancashire Cup last yesterday and by missing Monday's match against Leigh will miss the first of his £150 in winning bonuses from the Cup Final and the League game against Leigh.

"Not much charity here," say Wigan. Cunningham was young enough and naive enough to think after the charity game that these

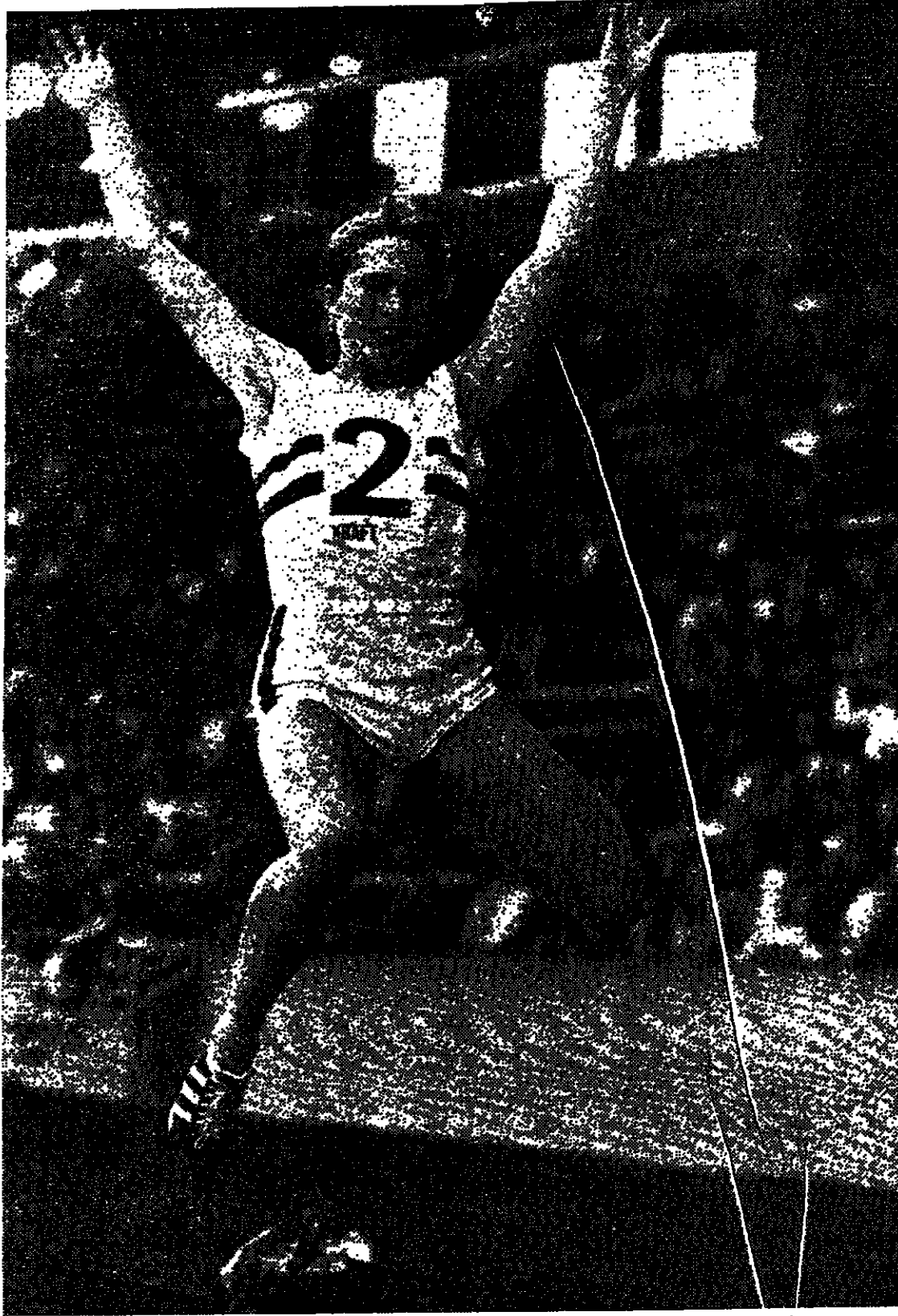
matches did not count with the Disciplinary Committee. He knows better now even though it has been a hard lesson.

Leigh's top class goal-kicker, Stuart Ferguson, missed the St. Helens match on Friday. That broke a fine record for the Welshman from Swansea. He had played in 56 games in succession and had scored in every one.

News of another expatriate from Wales, Warrington's new signing, centre Frank Reynolds of Aberavon, had a fine first match, but on Friday, after being limped off with ligament trouble, he will fit in well into the League game.

GARNOLD PALMER scored his third consecutive victory to gain place in the quarter-finals of the £25,000 United States match-play championship at Pinetree, North Carolina, on Friday. He defeated Pete Brown by nine strokes in a one-sided match of the day.

In other matches, Tom Weiskopf defeated Gene Littler 7-7, and Gene Littler with a birdie on the first hole after both had completed 18 holes at 71. Donnie Weir defeated John Boros 7-14 and Lou Graham beat Art Wall 7-14.



Barbara-Anne Barrett of Mitcham Athletic Club leaps for Britain in the long jump against West Germany at Crystal Palace. She finished in third place

Lerwill leaps to fame

by Cliff Temple

THE MEMORY Alan Lerwill will hold of the 1971 athletics season is one of amazing breakthroughs in the jumping events, and nightmares of four efforts in the long jump.

Yesterday that series went a stage further as the 24-year-old student teacher triple-jumped his way to an Olympic qualifying standard for an event in which he has barely scratched the surface of his potential.

Competing for Britain in the two-day match against West Germany at Crystal Palace, he improved his best-ever performance by over 18 inches to 53ft 2½in. Only two other British places in the event formerly known as the hop, step and jump.

With his long hair streaming behind him, and looking misleadingly heavy-footed in red socks, he partly brushed away the unflattering memory of the European championships in Helsinki: as a favourite for the gold medal in the long jump, he fouled all three of his qualifying efforts and did not even reach the final.

So despondent was he afterwards that he didn't even take part in the triple jump, though even though he had been entered.

In the last international, against France in July, he fouled five of his six long jump efforts, and the problem of his run up was even then threatening to disrupt his international career. Particularly in these two-sided competitions, a consistently average jumper is sometimes more valuable than a brilliantly erratic one.

"I was quite surprised, and very happy with my jumping today," he said. "I'm looking forward to the long jump on Monday. That will really show whether I can make up for Helsinki or not."

The British hammer throwers were both inspired, and inspirational, in their field event. In the last international, against France in July, he fouled five of his six long jump efforts, and the problem of his run up was even then threatening to disrupt his international career. Particularly in these two-sided competitions, a consistently average jumper is sometimes more valuable than a brilliantly erratic one.

With this new-found depth of speed under his belt, Miss Stirling can look forward to another 800 metres run close to two minutes, and to a place in the Olympic meeting in Munich. Her biggest worry is not concerned with the competition then, but the travelling; despite having been an international for five years, she has a phobia about flying. "I'm dreadfully Thursday, when we fly, anyway."

The state of men's 400 metres

running in Britain was reflected by the fact that, with only one European champion, David Jenkins, not competing, it was left to a decathlete—albeit a very fine one—to best represent the cause.

Peter Gabbett, Britain's greatest ever decathlon exponent, ran as courageously as ever, and secured second place. But his performance underlined, the gap in the 400 metres behind the genius of Jenkins, who could have won yesterday in a canter.

The match continues tomorrow with the return of Dave Bedford, seeking to eradicate a memory from his mind, probably that even his gallant European Championship 10,000 metres run, the day he limped out of the AAA 5,000 metres with cramp.

It is ironic that his first race in England since that day five weeks ago should be on the same Crystal Palace track, over the same distance. But the hardcore pressure is off him now; no one expects him to break the world record any more. It will be enough to see him running hard again.

Men
100 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 10.8sec; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 10.8sec; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 11.1sec.
200 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 2.2sec; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 2.2sec; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 2.3sec.
400 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 53.2sec; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 53.2sec; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 53.2sec.
800 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 2.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 2.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 2.00min.
1,500 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 4.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 4.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 4.00min.
2,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 5.40min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 5.40min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 5.40min.
3,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 8.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 8.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 8.00min.
4,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 10.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 10.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 10.00min.
5,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 13.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 13.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 13.00min.
6,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 16.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 16.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 16.00min.
7,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 19.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 19.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 19.00min.
8,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 22.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 22.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 22.00min.
9,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 25.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 25.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 25.00min.
10,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 28.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 28.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 28.00min.
11,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 31.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 31.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 31.00min.
12,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 34.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 34.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 34.00min.
13,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 37.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 37.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 37.00min.
14,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 40.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 40.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 40.00min.
15,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 43.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 43.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 43.00min.
16,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 46.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 46.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 46.00min.
17,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 49.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 49.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 49.00min.
18,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 52.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 52.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 52.00min.
19,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 55.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 55.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 55.00min.
20,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 58.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 58.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 58.00min.
21,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 61.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 61.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 61.00min.
22,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 64.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 64.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 64.00min.
23,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 67.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 67.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 67.00min.
24,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 70.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 70.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 70.00min.
25,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 73.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 73.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 73.00min.
26,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 76.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 76.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 76.00min.
27,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 79.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 79.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 79.00min.
28,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 82.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 82.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 82.00min.
29,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 85.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 85.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 85.00min.
30,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 88.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 88.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 88.00min.
31,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 91.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 91.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 91.00min.
32,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 94.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 94.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 94.00min.
33,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 97.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 97.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 97.00min.
34,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 100.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 100.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 100.00min.
35,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 103.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 103.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 103.00min.
36,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 106.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 106.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 106.00min.
37,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 109.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 109.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 109.00min.
38,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 112.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 112.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 112.00min.
39,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 115.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 115.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 115.00min.
40,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 118.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 118.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 118.00min.
41,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 121.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 121.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 121.00min.
42,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 124.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 124.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 124.00min.
43,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 127.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 127.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 127.00min.
44,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 130.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 130.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 130.00min.
45,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 133.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 133.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 133.00min.
46,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 136.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 136.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 136.00min.
47,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 139.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 139.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 139.00min.
48,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 142.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 142.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 142.00min.
49,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 145.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 145.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 145.00min.
50,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 148.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 148.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 148.00min.
51,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 151.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 151.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 151.00min.
52,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 154.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 154.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 154.00min.
53,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 157.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 157.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 157.00min.
54,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 160.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 160.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 160.00min.
55,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 163.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 163.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 163.00min.
56,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 166.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 166.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 166.00min.
57,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 169.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 169.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 169.00min.
58,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 172.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 172.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 172.00min.
59,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 175.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 175.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 175.00min.
60,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 178.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 178.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 178.00min.
61,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 181.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 181.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.), 181.00min.
62,000 Metres: 1. G. Wetherby (W.G.), 184.00min; 2. S. Green (G.B.), 184.00min; 3. J. L. Piggott (G.B.),



Henry Longhurst

At the US Open, after regional elimination there were six national days flying, including one for the "honorary" American. Lew Thurman, Al Birkdale and three were 23.

It was always thought, reasonably enough, that Royal St George's was too remote and inaccessible to attract the vast numbers on which the Open with its £47,000 prize money can let alone all the other expenses, wholly depends. Opinion as to whether it is, from the club's point of view, desirable is still divided but appears to be mending its mind. The point is that desirable or not it now looks like becoming possible. The new motorway by-passing Maidstone puts Sandwich within an hour and 10 minutes of Blackheath. The new road by-passing the little town of Sandwich itself and the toll bridge over the river is already begun and will be complete in the near future. A new road from the Ramsgate side at Richborough and the other on the Deal side at Worthing.

Furthermore the club has now acquired the use of the big flat fields on the slope side of the first hole and these could be put down to grass in an Open championship year. Added to this the large putting ground, the ample clubhouse and the excellent golf course, or so I am assured—that the course normally reckoned on the short side, at any rate in July, can easily be stretched to 7,100 yards, and you begin to emerge with almost a new lease of life for the club.

Vast numbers went to Birkdale this year on the electric railway, alighting at Ainsdale only two or three minutes' walk from the club. Though not normally regarded as a "train" course, St. George's is, in fact, a very handy service bus ride from Sandwich station.

Whether the opening up of this hitherto peaceful haven, one of the last refuges of the fourmourses as against the four-ball, and the inevitable flogging up of the clubhouse is to be desired remains, as I say, a matter of opinion. But it is a fact that the club has no longer the possibility that the South will no longer be "starved of golf."


by Roger Mortimer

of their new car with the spare wheel. However, Brigadier Gerard did not let them down in the Wills Mile and this great miler treated his two far-from-contemptible opponents as if they had been a couple of hamsters short of a gallop. The judge estimated the margin as 10 lengths.

MILL REEF will face the toughest task of his career in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe on October 3. No horse trained in England has won the "Arc" since Milgott's victory in 1948, a success that was all the more welcome as those were plundering our big races and that year they had won not only the Derby but more than half the prize money at Royal Ascot as well.

The French are never easy to heat on their own ground when the chips are down and though there does not appear to be a horse of comparable stature to Mill Reef in France this season, it would be rash to underestimate the power of the French defence.

A year ago no one expected the French Derby winner Gascaudin to torpedo Nijinsky but he did. Salvo



Peter Walwyn: no blemish

Mortimer

nearly won for England in 1937, but was nosed out of it by the 30-1 outsider Topoy, while the 1934 Derby winner Santa Claus was beaten by the 100-1 outsider Mortimer in the Prince of Wales Stakes. In the 1935 Derby, Mortimer was a 100-1 outsider in Prince Royal II. However, Mill Reef is surely at least equal in merit to the two Irish-trained winners of the Derby, and he was a 100-1 outsider in the 1938, and Levromos who defeated the great English mare Park Top in 1938.

This year the French have a good chance of having a three-year-old in the Arc, winner of the French Derby and the Grand Prix. He is probably as good a horse as Sassafras. In addition, there are Ramsin and Dan. Dan, both a four-year-old, Ramsin, a descendant of the famous English sire Blandford, beat out the days when the French were not considered horse No. 1. He won decisively in the 21-mile Prix du Cadran. He followed that up by winning the £54,000 Grand Prix de St. Cloud over a mile shorter than the Cadran.

Miss Dan, by Sea Bird's sire Dan Cupid, was third in the Arc last year and second in the Washington Stakes. He was a 100-1 outsider. Recently she won the Prix Kergorlay at Deauville, finishing more than five lengths ahead of Chariton, whose later run is great. She was a 100-1 outsider in the Prix de la Forêt in the Ebor in the end, Chariton finished no more than half a length behind the winner.

Mill Reef will not have a race before he goes to Paris, partly because there is not one entirely sure thing in the world, but in any case he is not a horse that needs a strong preparation.

I saw him at Kingsclere last week, it struck me that he had put on a nice bit of weight since he was in England. He is owned by George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. He is clearly very much on his toes and he does not convey the impression of being a horse that though it was way back on April 17 that he won his first race this season.

Ascot he has been having an easy time of it. He is given a

cancer every morning as soon as he goes out and without this cancer he might become a little bit of a cantankerous old fellow. He is walked with one or perhaps two other horses, well away from the rest of the string. In the afternoon he is taken out at a time when he likes to indulge in a good roll. He is in no sense a difficult horse, but intelligent and thoroughly alert. Too much rope as he would be sure to take advantage of the situation.

He is in every respect a delightful horse—particularly so to his owner, who has been able to collect something like \$165,000 in win and place money—and his quality more than compensates for a lack of that massive power which is characteristic of so many top-class American thoroughbreds. In going round last Balding's mile, once again, really ought to see him. One must see him early on.

Balding is not greatly worried about the Longchamp going and would settle for anything which would give him a good start. He does not want bottomless ground as under those conditions Ortis, who won the Hardwick Stakes by eight lengths, would have been able to produce a formidable opponent.

Of the other Kingsclere horses, the main ones who win the various Stakes at York are, naturally, the next run in the seven-furlong Crookham Stakes at Newbury next month. He goes well there, he goes probably well in the eight-furlong Stakes at Newmarket, a race won by Mill Reef last autumn. Meanwhile, the great question of his weaknesses are his rather high action and the fact that he is somewhat light of bone.

For the first time, it is a Silly Season colt with a great look of his sire. His next target is the Solario Stakes at Sandown on Friday. He has been the easiest of fillies to train. She ran a great race, though, in the Gallies Stakes at York. Being a young horse, she may have been probably because she needed another week or two before reaching her full powers. She has a chance in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster.

Alison's winning habit

[illegible]

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The appointment is for a period of three years and may be extended for a further year.

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1: Entertainer (K. Leanon, 7-1) 2: Puffy-gate (E. Apter, 16-1), 3. 9 ran, 21; 4L (P. Robinson.) Total: 23p; 15p, 16p, 36p. Dual F.: 60p.

[illegible]

Sparkis, 4-7-3 (J. Lowe, 12-1), 1.
Milton Abbey (E. Hids, 2-1 F.), 7.
Salsom (D. Madiand, 9-2), 8 ran.
11.; dead ht. (Denys Smith,) Totan
22.05. 34p. Milton Abbey 14p. Salsom

HEREFORD.—2.0. Keltie Mill (5-1).
2.30 Black Shadow (9-2). 3.0. Carib
Royal (5-1 F.). 3.30. Rapid Olive
15-1. 4.0. Firnarm (7-4). 4.50 Fala
(7-2).

Nautical out of St Leger

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Epson: Alt.: Sacramento Song; Tuesday-Bigh
Top (4.0 Ripon): Alt.: Money Bags; Wednesday
—Magic Flute (3.0 York): Alt.: Ndabirib
Thursday—Quortina (3.0 Brighton): Alt.: Buff
Own: Friday—Polkster (2.15 Sandown): Alt.
 Geon Autumn: Saturday—Rayard (4.20)

Any amendment to *Baldred's Naps* through the week will be published in the *Sporting Chronicle*.

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Chris Evert

Tennis prodigy from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, who, at the age of 16, has already beaten many top stars. Fine victories over Virginia Wade and Winnie Shaw last week won the Wightman Cup for the US.

CHRIS EVERT is the most exciting prospect in tennis, a tiny golden-haired ice maiden, who plays with a detached maturity that is almost arrogant in its isolation.

Last Monday in the Wightman Cup in Cleveland she murdered Virginia Wade 6-1, 6-1, a match that took 42 minutes. Ten minutes later I spoke to her in the locker room at the Roxboro Junior High School, where the two girls played very calmly. "But I think that next week's tournament at Orange on grass will provide a better test for me." With 6,000 semi-hysterical fans outside the window Chris had already moved on to another game of tennis.

Infant prodigies are ten-a-penny these days in sport, but Miss Evert is somewhat unique in that she has every prospect of being the first woman sports millionaire by the time she is 25. Strange as it may seem, women's tennis has suddenly become big business, and Chris Evert has arrived at exactly the right time.

Next spring she comes to Britain for the first time, and with her will travel one of her parents, her father, Jimmy Evert, a former top tennis pro and now tennis director for the city of Fort Lauderdale. "Jimmy had to play six days a week at his job," said Miss Evert, "the only time the family could get together was at the tennis courts, so we all played there."

Chris has been winning national junior titles since she was 12 years old, and has practised five hours a day for five years. Her record since last autumn has been spectacular, for she has notched up victories over Billie Jean King, Margaret Court, Françoise Durr and Julie Heldman. In her Wightman Cup games she totally demoralised both Miss Wade and Winnie Shaw, making them appear as pupils in the hands of a dancing master. "She is," said a USITA official, "another Maureen Connolly."

The comparisons are inevitable since the famed Little Mo also played in the Wightman Cup at 16, and was the same as Chris (5ft 3in, and old hands like Doris Hart say that they are in some ways alike. The Evert

game is basically a ground stroke affair played from the baseline with great speed. She plays interminable rallies up the middle of the court, varying her pace and spin until her opponent either makes an error or falls down from exhaustion.

If there is a weakness in the Evert game, it is that she shows hesitation in putting away volleys after manoeuvring her opponent into a corner with ground strokes, and that's a fault she will have to cure when she plays next year on Wimbledon's fast grass.

The most exciting prospects lie in a series of matches next summer between Chris and Evonne Goolagong, the other bright young star of the tennis court. With three years' advantage to the Australian girl in big-time tennis, it may be early yet to assess how either will play at her peak, but if temperament counts for anything we ought to be able to predict the Wimbledon singles for many years.

In the final analysis it is the Evert "cool" which strikes one most about this American prodigy. She seems to rise to the big occasion with a serene self-confidence with which she clearly has been born. "I suppose I could become the best in the world," she reflects quietly, "but there's a lot of sacrifice in the life. I mean, I'll have ten years of travelling. At the moment it seems worth it, but in five years' time I may not think the same."

If asked her about playing at Wimbledon, "Well, of course, it is the world's leading tournament," she said, "but the grass poses special problems for me. I never get the chance to play on it at home. I go to practice a lot in England. I could acquire myself well. But it will probably take two more years for me to be able to challenge Evonne."

The growing up of Chris Evert should be an education in tennis for both players and watchers alike.

Vincent Hanna

John Garner

Reserved Manchester-born golfer aged 24, whose Ryder Cup selection last week caused a surprise. Has yet to win a big tournament but the potential is all there.

JOHN GARNER may not be the youngest player in the Ryder Cup team to face the Americans next month in St. Louis. The veteran Bernard Gallacher is the youngest, at 22, and Peter Oosterhuis, at 23. But Garner, at 24, is most certain the mildest. Such reserve is the core of his character. Listen:

"When I turned professional eight years ago, Dad said that since I didn't have any amateur status or a fanboyant personality, I'd better find a gimmick to get noticed by the Press. Slim Little Garner decided to wear

a shirt, tie and cuff-links, like the old-timers, and he never shed them until he went off to the sweltering Far Eastern tour in early 1968. He went East after coming sixth in the Martini tournament the previous summer.

Members of his club, Manchester GC, sponsored him on that tour, putting up £980 in expense money in £5 shares. "I did rubbish in the Far East," Garner recalls. "I failed to qualify for seven tournaments on the tour. He finally came 11th in the Indian Open, collected £200 and, upon returning, gave back something like £300 to his sponsors. "It was more than they expected."

Thereafter, in open-necked sweaters, Garner resolutely plotted on developing an immaculate, accurate game which lacked only one winner's element: blood-lust. He again sought a gimmick. "I decided to build up a hatred for the fellow I was playing. Once, in the Piccadilly medal-match tournament, I played Harry Weetman. Harry was my hero and how could I hate him? I had to tell myself he had hit my mother—whom he had never met—he had slapped her across the face. I beat Weetman on the last hole."

One doesn't expect such ferocity, such bearing of false witness from Garner, but looking back golf has been his sole passion since he began playing it as a Manchester caddy at 13. At 15, his handicap was down to nine. Dad bought me a set of Peter Thomson clubs for £45 and said 'see you'." The next year, in an astonishing jump, he was playing off three, gratefully finishing his chores at Manchester's Moorside Secondary Modern School and moving on to a club-cleaning, shoe-polishing assistant professional. He then hit the circuit.

Garner's record since then has been unspectacular although, to be fair, he missed 10 weeks' play during 1970 because of a damaged tendon in his wrist. Although he has won nothing of note and officially earned only £1,076 on the PGA circuit last year—he often comes second and rarely comes low down, among tournament finishers. "Last year, at this time," he bubbles his guttural caddy, "Tom Husbands, 'four finishes among the top eight.' Tom Husbands, it should be said, is Garner's father-in-law."

More objective enthusiasm comes from Garner's colleagues. "The laconic Yankee, Lionel Platts simply gave a finger to wards Garner and nods. "John," adds a youngster, a member of the larger-and-lime set, "is probably the steadiest player, next to Cootey and Neil Coles, on the whole British circuit."

Of the Ryder Cup team, Garner is by far the shortest hitter, but it is for this steadiness and his way of keeping a ball in play that he was chosen. "That and my putting suspects Garner. If I couldn't put you know I'd be carrying bags back in Manchester."

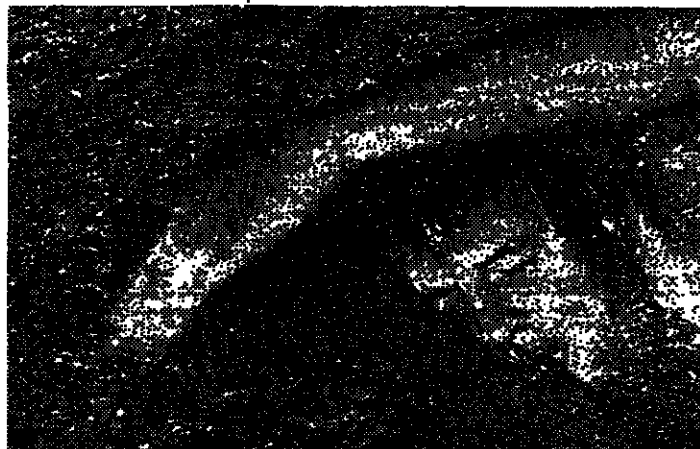
Dudley Doust



Chris Evert: serene self-confidence of a Little Mo



John Garner: passion for golf



Shane Gould: world record at 15, but where does she go after Munich?

Shane Gould

Fifteen-year-old Australian swimming sensation who could prove to be the greatest woman swimmer of them all. World record holder for 200 metres and 400 metres and joint world record-holder for 100 metres.

SHANE GOULD was ten when her mother brought her to Bruce McDonald's swimming school in Sydney. "A jump in and a couple of lengths," McDonald told the shy girl with the sun-bleached hair. She swam. And the coach turned to Mrs Gould: "Well that's the greatest thing I've ever seen in the water."

Five years later, with Shane breaking records on both sides of the Atlantic, what does McDonald, who no longer coaches her, think? "I've seen anybody that is any good. And if I was a coach, I wouldn't even be talking to you. But that girl is like something I've never seen in the water before. She wriggles

and moves like a fish. She has colossal potential. She will drop under 57 seconds for the 100 metres with any trouble in time for Munich."

When she was 11, I said: "This girl is better than Dawn Fraser ever was." And they all turned round and laughed at me. You know, you could work her hard and she'd always come back for more. The more I gave her to do the better she would go."

In the face of this future, underlined by the astonishing performances she has given in Europe and America, Shane Gould may retire from competitive swimming next year. Her mother, Mrs Shirley Gould, who left her psychology and social work to help her daughter's swimming career, says: "We will take a hard look at things after Munich. We have discussed this with Shane. What is the point of continuing if success comes early? If you get to the top when you are very young, is there any point in clinging to your shaky hold when you get older?"

Shane, with a brace on her teeth, a blonde fringe and a tomboy's habit of swinging on door-knobs as she dashes into a room, is respected by the swimming world

for her courtesy and gay rejection of "big-headedness." Her parents (her father is an airline executive) told her a long time ago that it would be her who would make the decisions about her swimming career.

She alone made the choice of swimming 40 miles a week, in the early-morning winter darkness, and again after school. Shane has the Gould alarm-clock set for 5 am. She gets herself a snack of orange-juice and a handful of sultanas before she awakens the parent whose turn it is to drive her to the pool.

Is Shane Gould as good as Dawn Fraser was? "I broke my first world record at 16, after six months' training," says Dawn. "At 15, Shane is as good as I was at 16."

"We have adopted the American way. Why do the Americans stay on top for only one season? Because they swim so much they lose school and study time. They can't catch up. They achieve their ambition—possibly a Gold—and then they finish. This could well happen to Shane at 15. She is starting to feel it now."

Desmond Zwar

CRICKET is not so bad. Not only can you keep up the pretence for years, parading in your family ridiculous and imperceptibly yellowing pantaloons, but you can even turn your back on the whole business for 10 or 15 years and then make a comeback which is no more than mildly pathetic and involves the dislocation of hardly any ligaments at all.

But football is a sterner affair altogether. Once you retire, that is the end of it, or rather of you, and I doubt if there is any ex-footballer, living dead or working for the Football League, who has not woken up at least once in the small hours, brow beaded with sweat, lying there in the darkness, twisting the sheets into spaghetti, after a ghastly twilit dream in which he has missed three open goals in his comeback match.

Although I played my last game of football in 1956, its every detail is etched on my brain with the clarity of a nightmare. It was a holiday-camp match where everyone played in pinnisols. It was, in fact, late twenties. At the time and therefore the oldest man on the pitch by some years. After five minutes the ball came towards me. I swayed to my left, whereupon three of my opponents called out to me with little worldly experience, committed themselves to my left flank. The ball arrived and I veered off to the right, exulting in the fact that I had lost half of the enemy defence. Ah yes, I thought to myself as I streaked for their penalty area, there really is nothing like experience.

It was at this point that my reveries were rudely disturbed by those same three defenders, who suddenly thundered up from nowhere to dispossess me. After they had galloped off I sat there on the grass and worked it out. They had undone me simply by turning round and chasing after me, requiring no more than five strides to catch up.

That was the day I hung up my pinnisols and became a carpet knight. Today not only could I not play a full game of football even if my life depended on it, but I doubt very much if I could even watch one, not if it meant standing for the full 90 minutes.

Some seasons ago I was sent to report on FA Cup tie at a non-League ground where the Press facilities naturally being cramped, we were distributed on wooden benches along the touchline. The fact that I had nothing to lean on for the next two hours, except the man next to me, who happened to be my schoolboy idol, Bernard Joy, made my afternoon a complete misery. (What it did to his afternoon I cannot imagine.) Long before the final whistle, by which time I had had quite enough of my excruciating backache, and Joy had had more than enough of me, I hobbled off, half-blinded by the setting sun, to the nearest phone booth, where I composed a highly poetic, generously fictitious report of the game I had so very nearly witnessed.

But to be honest, even in those days I was as keen as far as football was concerned. My prime

Just whistle and I'll follow you anywh

is located in the sea everyone else's. In a note that there is who can possibly glorious details. I've played every Sunday, that we were of sorts and that in before we outran it. We went for the daily losing the league average and the cup odd goal in 15. But matches were strictly I meant that you had wages on the main game, in a suitably ex-

Goalless draws we of and the only tin was sent off, the tin wearing a brown rag while playing at. Posterity can laugh at we never stopped ourselves. But the were in deadly earnest that. The cup final mentioned left a scar years to heal, and a when we beat our bit 2-0 still tastes faintly and tranquility.

It is because of r like these that are when the whistles again, I sense the ol prompted in the ol midsummer arrival Charity Shield, and neologisms like the W. And each time I cannot help wonder those others who fear the game alongside me.

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